

Look! In this
issue! It's a
bird! It's a
bomb! It's...

"SUPERMAN"

**"BATTLESTAR
GALACTICA"**

It's a waste of
space! It's...

It's a bunch of
crooks! It's...

It's a slice of
life! It's...

And it's a pack
of lies! It's...

**LAWYERS &
REPAIRMEN**

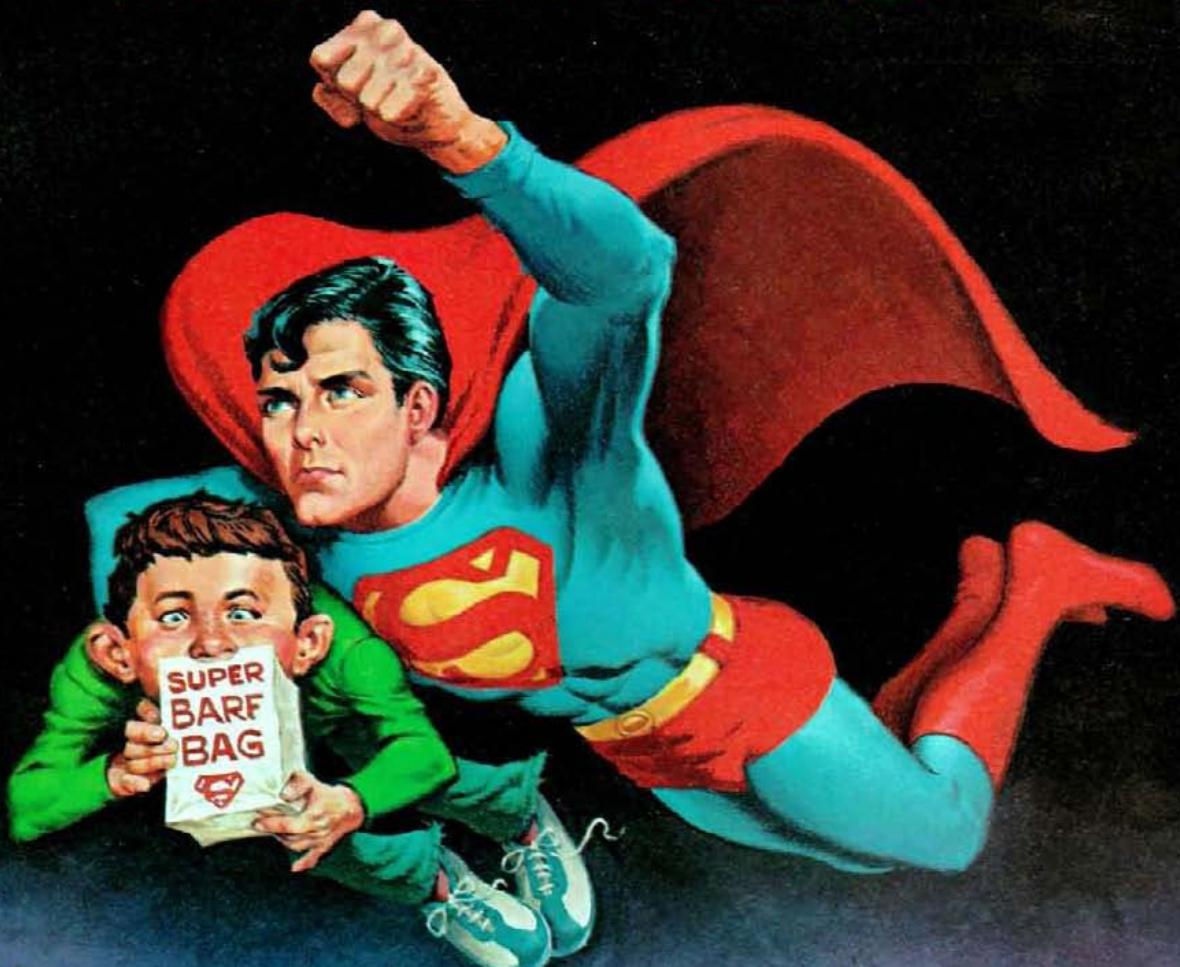
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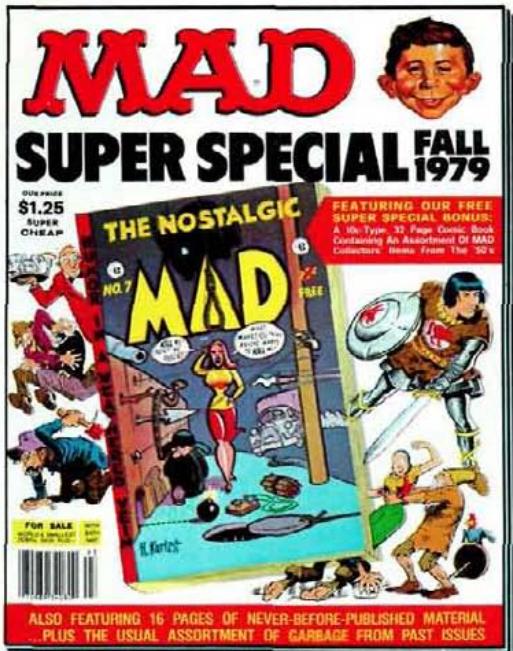
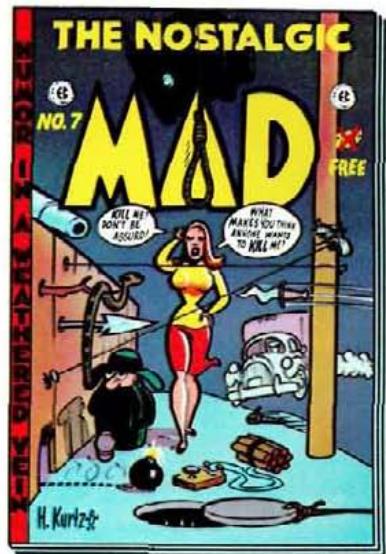
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"For some people, counting calories is a weigh of life!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

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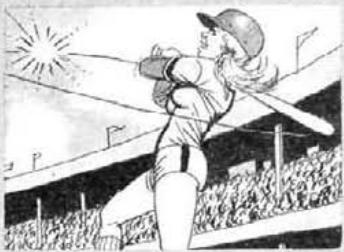
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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LETTERS DEPT.



HEAVEN CAN WAIT

Maybe "Heaven Can Wait" for Warren Beatty, but Drucker and Hart are definitely on the preferred list!

Scott Mekan
San Francisco, Calif.

I was in seventh heaven, mainly because Stan Hart "changed a little stiffness into an agonizing pain", with a few quick twists!

Hames Ware
Little Rock, Ark.

Beatty, Christie, Grodin and Cannon were never drawn better. They should be on Clod Nine!

Laurie Pevey
Houston, Texas

WHO KILLED THE COUNTRY?

Congratulations to Bob Clarke and Frank Jacobs for "Who Killed The Country?" It strikes at our country's basic problems. Hopefully, its message will be heeded, but, as the first frame suggests, it probably won't.

Brian Rupel
Dayton, Ohio

The Jacobs and Clarke article, "Who Killed The Country?" wins my vote for best article ever to appear in MAD. Here's one they left out:

*Who blackened its soul?
"I", said the porno publisher—
"With my non-stop glut
Of fortune making smut,
I blackened its soul."*

Gary E. Phillips
Hamilton, Ohio

*Who rifled its purse?
"I", said the Federal Reserve—
"In a daring daylight caper,
I replaced its gold with paper.
I rifled its purse." Leonard Rubin
New York, N.Y.*

*Who laughed at its troubles?
"I", said MAD Magazine—
"Taunting its ev'ry flaw,
Further convulsed its crew.
I laughed at its troubles." James B. Ewbank
Lawton, Oklahoma*

DE BARTOLO BRINGS IN A GUSHER

In your September, 1976, issue, Dick De Bartolo manifested "more MAD ESP". His article was entitled "Behind The Scenes At The Major Oil Companies" and one of his characters predicted that gas would go up to \$1.00 a gallon. The 6:00 O'Clock News confirmed that within two years, officials believe that gas *will* go up to a buck a gallon! De Bartolo's an invaluable MAD "pipeline" and forecaster!

David Matthews
Aliquippa, Pa.

THE CARTERBURY TALES

Lou Silverstone and George Woodbridge deserve to be knighted for "The Carterbury Tales". A great, great jobbe!

William Garvin
Drexel Hill, Pa.

Heere continueth the Booke of the Tales of Carterbury:

The Shab's Tale

*The Shab was the kyng of
an oyl-rych landd.
It ys sayd he ruled wyth
an yron bandd.
The Carter loyvd oyl,
so he helde the Shab dear.
But the Shab's people gave
hym a kyck yn the rear.*

Frederick Rauscher, Jr.
Arlington, Virginia

*I readeth wythe interest
The Carterbury Trasbe
For once twas not wastyd
my sixty cents cashe
In vain dyd I searche for
The Rosalynn's Tale
Butt ye Cloddes dyd forgette
Numero Uno Damselle.*

Jonathan & Helene Blackwell
Cortland, New York

The Rosalynn's Tale



*The Fyrst Ladye we niver yntended
to slyghte—
Butt lately she's been out of our syghte—
Yn 1980, the votrys a new chieff may hail—
So Rosalynn's preparyng a Whytte House
tagge sale. —ed*

I can't figure you guys out. How you do a great satire like "The Carterbury Tales" and "Everyday Scenes We'd Like To See" (Yecch!) in the same issue is enough to drive me MAD!

Ed Nichols
New York, N.Y.

A MAD LOOK AT TARZAN... TODAY

"A MAD Look At Tarzan... Today" tore me from limb to limb! Ted Kniering
La Canada, Calif.

SECOND OPINIONS IN NON-MEDICAL CASES

If someone tells you MAD has a right to publish its magazine, talk to a teacher with a drawer full of confiscated MADs, for a "Second Opinion".

John Gwin
Toms River, N.J.

When you said that your "Second Opinion" article was funny, whose second opinion did you get? Snee's or Coker's?

Paula Boucher
Old Town, Maine

My Mom thinks I'm an idiot for buying MAD. She says I'll be neither wise nor wealthy, reading it. Ask William M. Gaines for a "Second Opinion".

Roger Gutierrez
Canoga Park, Calif.

If the Board of Health says they check up and make sure that unsanitary conditions of businesses don't affect the public, talk to any MAD reader for a "Second Opinion"!

Erik Rothenberg
Santa Monica, Calif.

MAD "SCRATCH 'N' SNIFF" STRIPS

I fell for Henry Clark's "MAD 'Scratch 'N' Sniff' Strips", right in the store! I sniffed it while ten people were watching me.

Paul Williams
Skaneateles, N.Y.

I thought that was the dirtiest trick you could play on us. I scratched through two pages without getting any results!

Karl Ramonas
Waterbury, Conn.

You left out the clean, scrubbed smell of a gas station's rest-room. Anthony Hall
Fairfield, Calif.

Your "Scratch 'N' Sniff Strips" really stunk!

Brad Calvert
San Diego, Calif.

THE EYES OF LURID MESS

Your satire on "The Eyes Of Laura Mars" should have been Dunaway with, I'd say!

Jim La Ruffa
Margate, Fla.

SMELLER DRAMA

You've done it again, MAD! On a recent edition of "60 Minutes", there was a report on aerosol can products for businessmen; for instance, if a restaurant owner wants to push, say, lobster on a given evening, he simply gets his can of "lobster spray" and gives the room a spritz or two to subtly influence his diners' decisions. Another was for used car dealers to spray in their beat-up old hulks to make them smell new, which, in an article entitled "Spray Cans We'd Like To See" (#134, April 1970), you correctly predicted and called, "New Car Kick"!

Anne Butman
Danvers, Mass.

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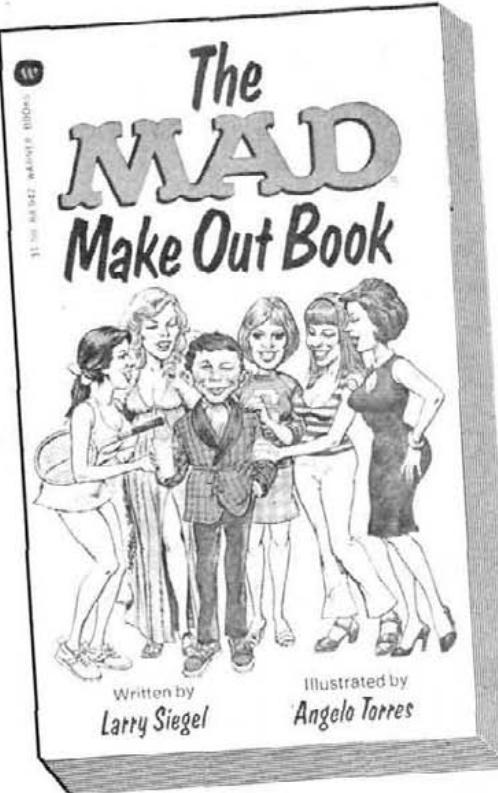
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- The MAD Jumbo Book
- More MAD About Sports
- MAD Word Power
- Politically MAD
- MAD Look at Future
- MAD Cradle to Grave Primer
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SUPER MARKETING DEPT.

He started out in the Thirties as a comic book hero. Then, he became the star of a movie serial, a radio show, a television series, a Broadway musical, and now...at last...he's the star of a multi-million dollar full-length feature motion picture! Look...up in the sky! It's a gold mine! It's a bonanza! It's

SUPER

Prisoners of the planet, Krapton—do you have anything to say before we pass sentence...?

You don't frighten us! We're going to beat this rap!

You are each hereby sentenced to 453 years at hard labor!

Hear that?! I told you we'd beat the rap! I thought we'd get "Life" for sure!!

Fellow Council members, stop what you're doing! I have something of vital importance to say!

Attention! Jaw-Wel, the sage of Krapton, is about to speak...!

What does the huge "S" on his shirt stand for?

It stands for many things... "Smartness," "Sobriety," "Sanity" ...

Our planet is doomed! We will all be destroyed in 24 hours! ... and also "SCHMUCK"!!



Come on!! Buzz off with your Doomsday talk, Jaw-Well!

No...! We must listen to what he says!

Not ME!! What could his words be worth?!

Let's see... he's getting \$3 million for 15 minutes work on this film! I would say about \$20,000 a word!

I'll listen! I'LL LISTEN!

This planet mustn't die! Ours is the most advanced civilization in the Galaxy!

You call THAT the products of an advanced civilization?!

You mean somebody ELSE has invented the hula hoop?

Not only that, but you know those "Davy Crockett" hats we're working on ...



DUPERMAN

Our planet will be destroyed any minute now, Lurer! So we must save our Son! I'm wrapping him in crystal, and sending him off to Earth! He must land safely and, above all, he must not attract attention!

You're sending him there in a CHANDELIER, and you don't want him to attract attention?!?

I'm aiming him for the ceiling of the Radio City Music Hall! It's a million-to-one shot . . . but it just might work!

Farewell, my Son! May the gods be with you! Use your incredible strength and wisdom for the good of all humanity, and keep warm in your crystal baby hunting, your crystal booties and your crystal Pampers!!

Lurer, he's going to have an adventure you won't believe!

He's going to have a DIAPER RASH you won't believe!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

As soon as I fix this flat, Maw, we'll take off for town and . . . Well, I'LL BE!!

Look . . . up in the sky! It's a bird!

It's a plane!

It's a . . . CHANDELIER?!!

Seems to be a SLOGAN in there somewhere, Paw . . . but I think the PUNCH-LINE still needs work!!

Look, Paw!! The thing has landed, and a tiny creature is getting out! You can see he's not one of us, and he's got a strange look in his eyes! Like he's ready to take over the WHOLE WORLD!

My God! It's a midget ARAB!

No, you dummy! It's only a little baby!!



Aw, Paw!
Ain't he
the cutest
little
thing?!!

He sure is! Gi'me a minute to finish
fixing this flat, and we'll be on our—

Good Lord!! The JACK is slipping! Maw!!
Help me! I'm gonna be crushed to death!!



Paw, look
what he's
doing! Can
we adopt
him?!!

We sure can! Now why don't we go into town,
and by him some formula and a **Teddy Bear**—
then sell our horse and ox and find us the
teeniest, tiniest plow harness they make?!!

Paw
Kennet!
You're
all
heart!

What
will
we
call
our
new
Son,
Paw?

I figured
we'd name
him after
someone
who's very
near and
dear to us!

You mean our
prize **CHICKEN**?

Who else? The
name shore has
a nice ring to
it, don't it?
CLUCK KENNT!!

'Bye Mom
and Dad!
Sorry I
had to
eat and
fly...
but I'm
late for
school!

Cluck has shore
grown into a
fine young man,
huh, Paw! You
think his class-
mates find it
strange... the
way he goes
to school...?

You kidding? You
see what kids are
smoking nowadays?
They all go that
way! I hear the
Senior Class had
twelve mid-air
collisions last
week alone!

How
far did
I kick
the ball,
Dad?

Nine and a half miles,
Son! But that was
WITH the WIND! Keep
working on it! You'll
do a lot better!



Look, Dad!
I'm out-
racing a
speeding
locomotive!

Big deal! This is the Long
Island Railroad! Some folks
WALK faster than it! But
you're getting there, Son,
and I'm real proud of you!



Oh, Spirit
of my dead
Father! Why
have you
called me
away from
my adopted
parents?!!

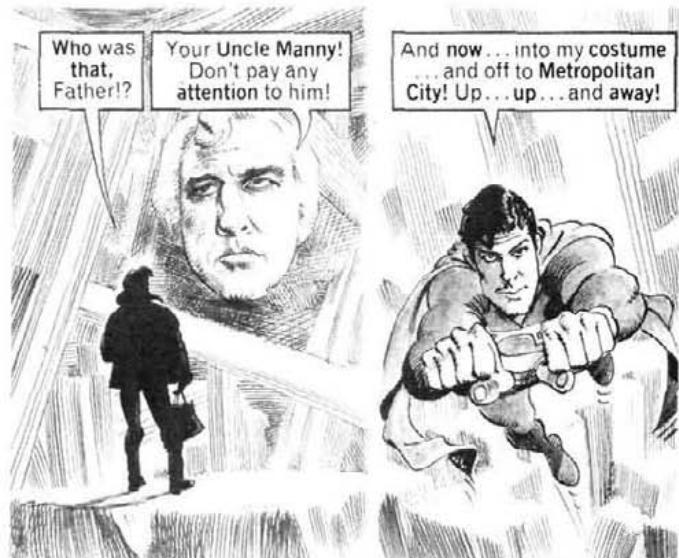
To tell you, my Son,
that you have come
of age now... and
the time has come
to make use of your
great gifts for the
benefit of Mankind!

I under-
stand,
Father!
How
shall
I do
that?

The secret is in
the crystals that
came with you from
the planet Krapton!
Remember, my Son!
All knowledge...
all strength... all
power is in crystal!

FORGET
crystal,
my boy!
Go into
PLASTIC!
That's
where the
money is!









It's been a very exciting evening, Lotus, hasn't it? But before I leave, there's something I've been wanting to do all night, and I just can't wait any longer, so—

What a SUPER GOD...!



Lotus... I want to shake your hand and sincerely thank you from the bottom of my heart for being such a swell date!

What a SUPER DUD!!

Cluck... I just got a tip that Lox Looter, the arch-criminal, is about to pull off a caper that will destroy the entire West Coast!

Didn't you just send Lotus to the Coast on a special assignment?

Yes, and if anything happens to that wonderful girl because of me, I'll throw myself out the window, and...

Mr. Blight, we're on the Ground Floor!

...I'll sprain my ankle so badly, you won't believe it!



Listen to me, Onus, my stupid henchman, and Evil, my sexy girlfriend! I, Lox Looter, am about to pull off the most fiendish act in the history of crime... heh-heh... chortle!!

Tell me, Boss, why are you always wreaking vengeance on the world??

It all began 13 years ago when I was turned down for one of the arch-villains on the "Batman" TV Series—for being too boring! But, I'll show 'em!! I'LL show 'em, NOW! NOBODY CAN STOP ME!



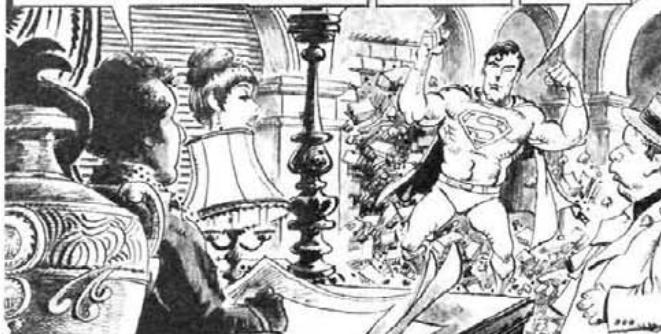
"Nobody" is a mighty big word, Lox!

It's Superduperman! But you're too late, my friend! In a few minutes, a 500-megaton bomb will zoom across the country, strike the San Andreas fault, cause a mighty earthquake, and send California into the sea!!

Lox, I plan to stop you... and have you thrown into jail!

On WHAT CHARGE?!!

Well... for starters, there's always "Pre-Meditated Mischief"!!



Don't fight me, Lox! You know there's nothing on this planet that's a match for my super-duper strength!

Oh? How about something from ANOTHER planet, like this piece of Kryptonite, for instance...

No! No! Anything but that!

Starting to get all mushy inside? Starting to get weak in the knees? This Kryptonite is taking its toll, right, "Stupidman"!?

Right! And the broad in the Bikini isn't exactly HELPING THINGS!!

Hang in there, Superduperman! I'll save you! Hang in there!

Evil, why are you doing this? You're LOX's girl! He's been sleeping with you for years!!

I know! And just ONCE, I'd like to find me a guy who'll STAY AWAKE!



Thanks for saving my life, Evil! Now I must save Lotus and the entire West Coast! Hey... you just kissed me!

Good luck, "Inferior-Man"!

Wait a minute! How come you called me "Inferiorman"?!

I just kissed you!

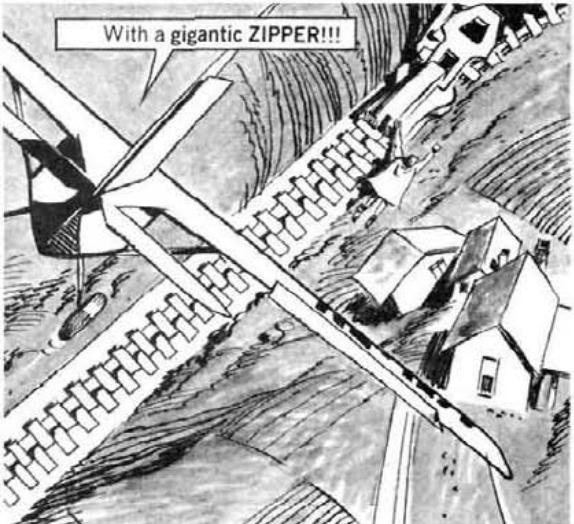
There's the missile, just ahead of me... and it's headed right for the San Andreas fault!! I must STOP IT... before it's...

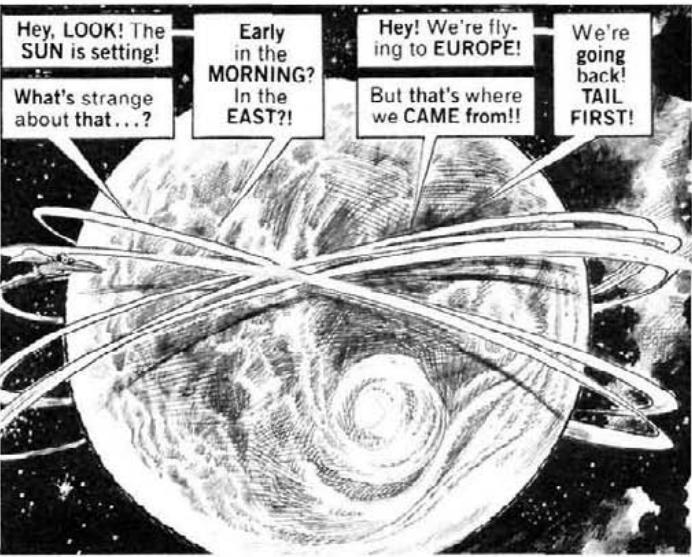
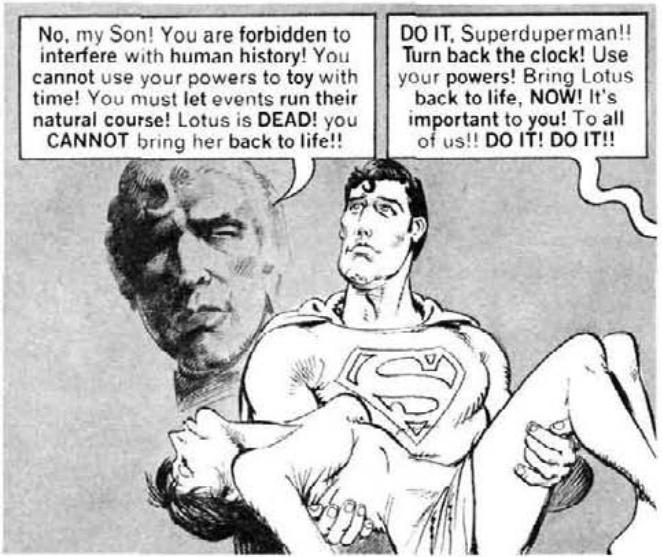


Good Lord! The West Coast is doomed by a gigantic earthquake that will cause a gigantic holocaust! Even Superduperman can't stop it now!!

Wait! There IS a way he can stop it!

You mean?? Of course...





In their battle for Equal Rights, women have fought to even the score in almost every field where they think they have gotten the short end of the stick. But there's one big area of prejudice they seem to have overlooked: Classical Poetry.

As every student who has ever suffered through an English Lit course already knows, most famous poets of bygone days were male chauvinists who wrote about the dramatic deeds of other male chauvinists. The only women who gained mention were

RE-WRITING CLA TO GIVE WOM

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

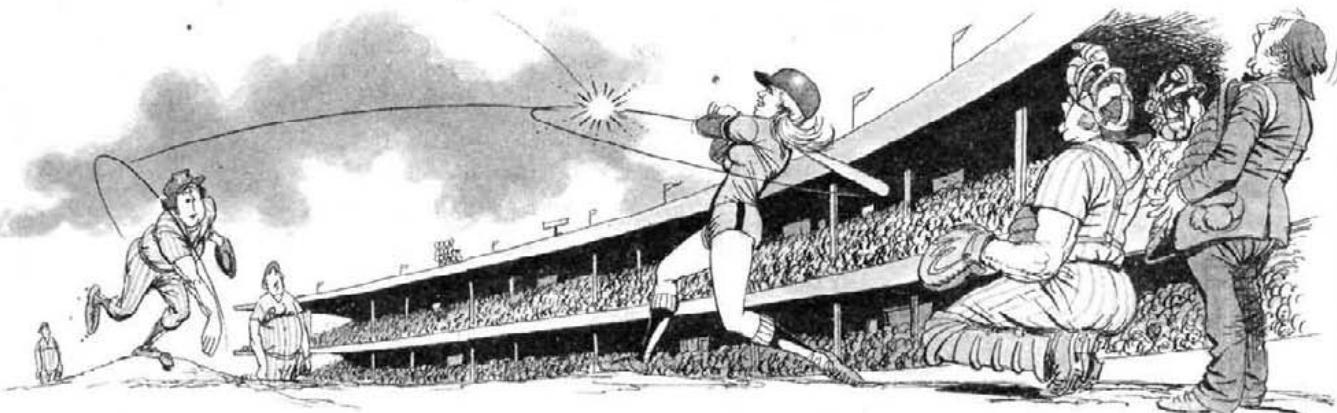
CATHY AT THE BAT

The Mudville fans were shocked to hear the judgment of the courts,
Which ruled that girls must be allowed to play in high school sports.
None feared that girls would louse up golf, or track, or things like that,
But letting girls play baseball might bring Cathy to the bat.

So tension grew as Mudville's nine approached that fateful day
When all the chips were on the line with one game left to play.
And as the home team fell behind, the fans in silence sat,
All fearing doom if, in the clutch, young Cathy came to bat.

Then in the ninth, O'Riley walked, and Flynn he did the same,
Which meant the next to stroke the ball could win or lose the game.
Then cries of anguish struck the hills, and echoed through the flat,
For Cathy, shapely Cathy, was advancing to the bat.

There was grace in Cathy's bearing as she swung her girlish hips,
And fetching charm was in her smile that shone through girlish lips.
"She's quite a dish," one fan remarked. "I'd love to date that dame.
But up at bat, I feel quite sure she's bound to blow the game."



The opposition pitcher sneered, and then he made his throw,
And then the air was shattered by the force of Cathy's blow.
In unison, the crowd arose to watch the batted ball
As up it soared and cleared with ease the farthest outfield wall.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land, male chauvinism reigns,
And macho guys expose their chests to show off macho chains.
But nevermore in Mudville will such childish things be done,
For Mudville's where a girl stepped up and slammed the winning run.

the fragile flowers whose feminine helplessness was admired in odes and sonnets. This sexist approach has no place in today's world, where we realize that men and women possess the same qualities, both good and bad. And so, MAD now attempts

to help women win their fair share of space in future poetry books by countering the classics penned by male chauvinist pigs of yesteryear with this collection of verse turned out by one of our own male chauvinist pigs who fails dismally at



CLASSICAL POETRY EN EQUAL TIME

WRITER: TOM KOCH

MOTHER, DEAR MOTHER, COME HOME WITH ME NOW



Mother, dear mother, come home with me now!
This bingo game's running too late.
Poor Dad's home alone with the children to feed.
He's sitting there cursing his fate.
His Swanson's beef dinner caught fire on the stove;
He'd left it, somehow, in the box.
The cat has thrown up, and your sweet youngest child
Has walked through the barf in his socks.
Come home! Come home! Come home!
Please, mother, dear mother, come home.



Mother, dear mother, come home with me now!
This bingo game's gone past dark.
In struggling to win, you've now blown forty bucks.
And yet you call bingo a lark!
You promised that money was going for shoes
To warm up our frozen feet.
Instead, you have gambled our savings away
At odds you should know you can't beat.
So quit! So quit! So quit!
Please, mother, dear mother, just quit.



Mother, dear mother, come home with me now!
This bingo game may last all night.
Poor Dad's had no dinner but pretzels and gin;
He's really a sorrowful sight.
And Kitty, I fear, didn't simply throw up;
He died, and he's all stiffened now.
How tragic it was that you couldn't be there
To hear his last feeble meow.
Give up! Give up! Give up!
Please, mother, dear mother, give up.

MAUDE REVERE'S FRIGHT

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight fright of Maude Revere.
She'd been assigned to awake her spouse
In case the British drew near their house;
But waking Paul was a chore to fear.

Then, one dark night on the couple's farm,
Maude heard the bells ring a faint alarm.
She yelled at Paul, "Get your horse and ride!
There's British stalking the countryside."
Paul muttered, "I'm sure they mean no harm."

Maude shrieked again: "It's two if by sea,
And you on the opposite shore must be."
But Paul just gave a slumbering sigh,
And pulled the patch quilt blanket high.
"I'll get up after while," said he.



In fear, Maude followed a daring course:
She slung Paul's body across his horse,
Then pinned a note to his nightshirt blouse
And sent him, snoring, to warn each house
That British troops were around in force.

Each schoolboy's read of that night of fear
When danger lurked with the British near.
You've heard of pledges Paul rode to keep,
But now you know he was sound asleep.
That night's true hero was Maude Revere.

LITTLE GIRL'S BLUE

Our best kitchen kettle stands crusted with gook
That looks like petroleum sludge.
It serves to remind us our little girl's blue
Because she bombed out making fudge.
Time was when no kitchen disasters had struck,
And all the utensils looked new;
But now, they're all caked with a layer of crud,
While upstairs, our little girl's blue.



She lies there so pale in her wee trundle bed.
She's sick, and it's all her own fault.
The recipe said to put sugar in fudge;
Instead, she used four cups of salt.

Though Little Girl's retching and prone to throw up,
I've told her quite firmly and true,
She'll still have to clean up the kitchen she wrecked,
And that's why our little girl's blue.

THE SHOOTING OF ANN MCGREW

A bunch of the girls were whooping it up in the Discotheque Saloon,
While out on the floor, the go-go boys all danced to a funky tune.
Sipping her booze at the Singles Bar was Dangerous Ann McGrew.
She'd come to stare at the men down there, especially one named Lou.

Then out of the night and up to the bar, a female stranger came;
And though she'd never been there before, she knew the rules of the game.
"It's drinks on me!" she yelled, and winked at the gentleman known as Lou,
While down the bar came a look of rage from Dangerous Ann McGrew.

The stranger walked to the dance floor then, and silence engulfed the place,
For though she had feet like large pontoons, she moved with a ghostly grace.
The only one who didn't applaud was Dangerous Ann McGrew,
Who sat and stared with lustful eye at the gentleman known as Lou.

The barkeep spotted the danger sign, and spoke to the stranger low:
"The dude you fancy is spoken for. I'd strongly suggest you blow."
The stranger pulled out a gun and cried, "I'm claiming that man named Lou!"
Then six shots echoed along the bar, not one hitting Ann McGrew.

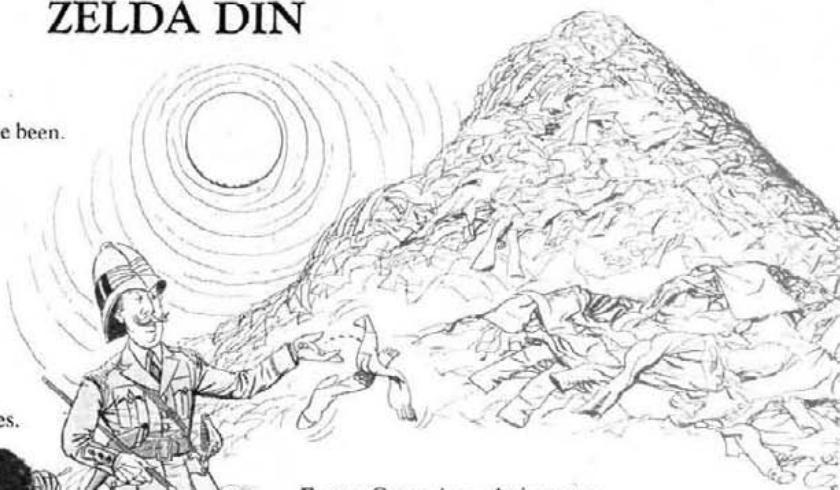
This story proves that women can drink, and stake their claim on a guy.
It proves that women can boldly seek the sins that money can buy.
It proves that women can brawl and cuss and spin out a manly yarn.
It also proves that armed with a gun, they can't shoot it worth a darn.



ZELDA DIN

Years ago, I served the Crown
In a humid Injun town,
Yet the comforts there were more than might have been.
Tho' we sweated while we drank,
Still we very seldom stank,
'Cause we had a laundry girl named Zelda Din.

She was Gunga Din's twin sister;
And I'll tell you one thing, Mister;
That poor heathen girl got no rest or repose.
Daily, each man soiled his shirt
While his socks got stiff with dirt.
For a thousand troops, that's quite a pile of clothes.



Fast as Gunga brought in water,
Zelda used the soap we'd brought her
To keep up with all our regiment's demands.
With no Fab to make clothes brighter,
And no bleach to make them whiter,
She just scrubbed 'til she got rough, unsightly hands.

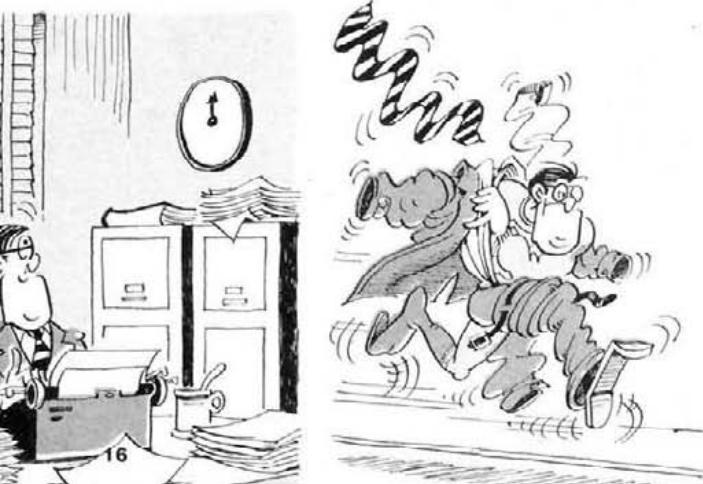
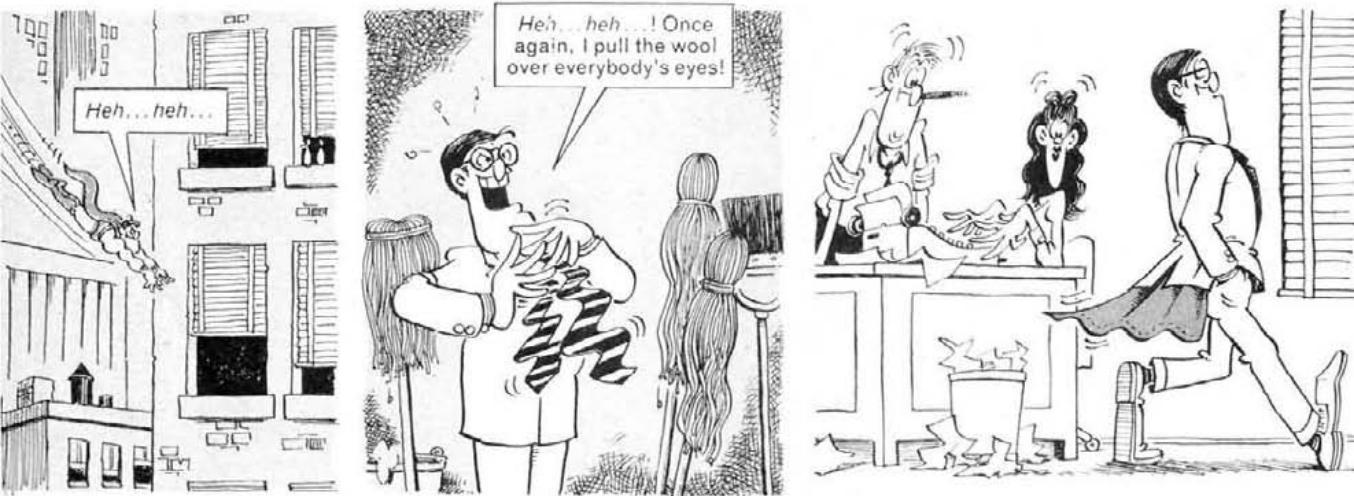
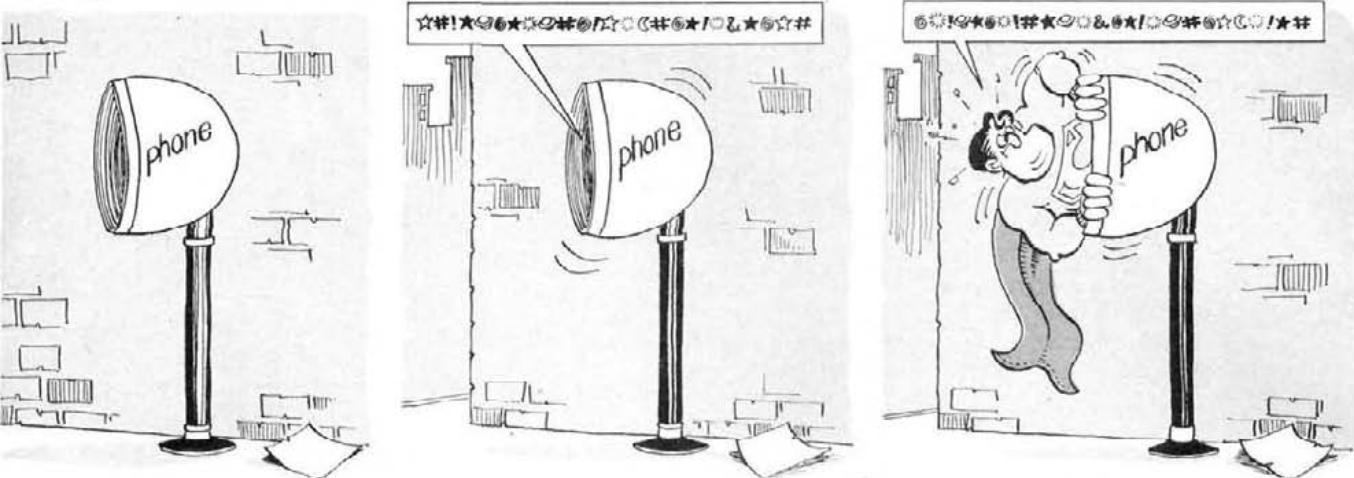
We all treated her like scum,
But when V.I.P.s would come,
She made sure each prize for dress parades we'd win.
So for sudsing out our smell,
I feel honor-bound to yell,
"You're a better drudge than I am, Zelda Din!"

SHNOOK ... UP IN THE SKY! DEPT.



A MAD LOOK AT

SUP



ERMAN

ARTIST: DON MARTIN

WRITER: DON EDWING



GIVIN' 'EM A RIBBIN' DEPT.

Why restrict the awarding of medals to the military? After all, Civilians perform heroic acts while fighting life's daily battles as well! Let's recognize them with

THIS ISSUE'S PROPOSED MAD MEDALS

... TO BE PRESENTED TO DESERVING LAWYERS

THE BACKED-UP
CALENDAR MEDAL



For boldly stalling and delaying . . . to drag out court trials, thus generating tremendous incomes for judges, lawyers, court employees, bail bondsmen, etc.—thereby strengthening the solid pillar on which our system of justice depends.

THE CREATIVE
CASE AWARD



THE EXPERT
WITNESS MEDAL



THE ESPRIT
DE CORPS MEDAL



THE GULLIBLE
JUROR AWARD



Dates of Trial:
Aug. 8, 1921
Jan. 22, 1922
Oct. 16, 1923
Mar. 3, 1926
April 14, 1928
Feb. 16, 1929
Dec. 13, 1932

(Continued next page)

For gallantly sticking it to Insurance Companies by superb acting in front of juries, getting them to make fantastic awards despite the fact that everyone, including jurors themselves, will pay higher insurance premiums as a result.

For bravely running for election, thus resolutely helping to fill almost all political offices with lawyers so that legislation, first and foremost, will protect the rights, the privileges and the profits of this noble profession.

POLL-ISH JOKE DEPT.

Hi! I'm Consumer Advocate Ralph Raider! This article will examine America's preoccupation with **fantasy**! As you know, there exist in this country **TWO NEVER-NEVER Worlds**, filled with **fairies** and **ogres** and all kinds of **strange creatures**! And **someday**, we'll take a look at "**Disneyland**"! But right **now**, we're going to examine our **Television Networks**! So won't you join me as...

MAD EXPLORES THE TV RATINGS SYSTEM

First, to get a little background on our subject, let's meet Alex Schlockman, the President of one of our top Television Networks!

Mr. Schlockman . . . I'm sure that our readers would all love to know just how a man like yourself got to **BE** President of a big TV Network!

Well, Ralph . . . it's the old "American Success Story"! I started my career in the mail room . . .

Many years ago, when you were a teenager?

No, **SIX MONTHS** ago, when I was fifty-one! In no time at all, I'd developed ten exciting new television shows!

And each was a bigger success than the other, and that led to your incredible rise . . . ?

No . . . actually each was a bigger **BOMB** than the other! You see, in this business, you can't move anywhere but **UP**!



ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, E.S.Q.

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Here's my latest masterpiece! It's called "**Phoebe and Sally**"! It's a Sitcom about the madcap antics of a couple of wild and whacky female garbage collectors in Cleveland, Ohio! We expect this series to go through the roof in the '79 season!

And what happens to you if it flops??

I'll probably be promoted to Chairman of the Board! Or with a little luck . . . GOD!



Tell me, why are TV ratings so vital to you Network people?

Obviously, it's very important to know how many people watch each show!

To please the audience—and reach them through the heart!

No, to grab the advertisers—and make them pay through the nose! You realize how many millions of dollars a single rating point represents?



In other words, ratings are a life-and-death matter to the TV Networks?

Not **THIS** one, Ralph! Listen to these mature, intelligent people around us! As you can see, they have **more** enlightening things on their minds!

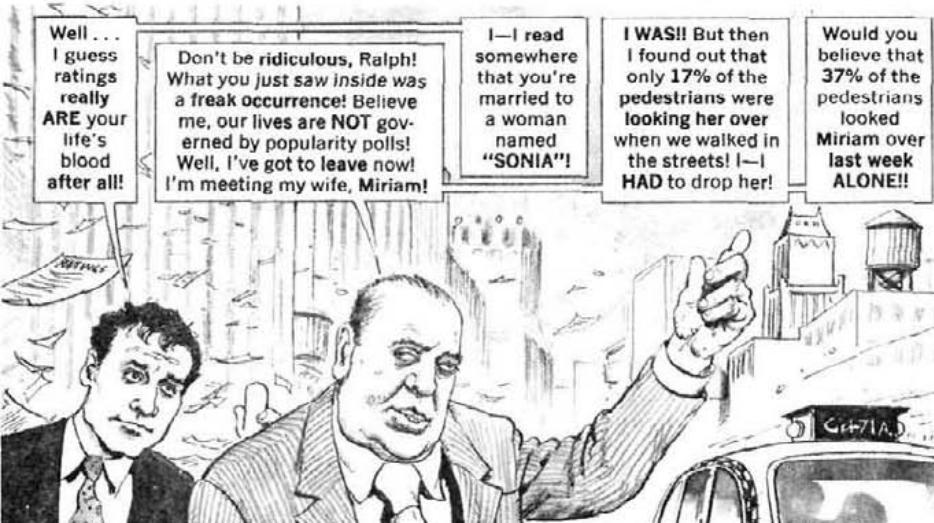
We must do a prime time show on Solar Energy as a new life force!

Yes, that could fit in well with our projected retrospective on the paintings of **Marc Chagall** . . . !

I agree! But I think we should first contact the **Bolshoi Ballet**, and . . .

THE RATINGS ARE COMING!!

THE RATINGS ARE COMING!!



Well, so much for the Network side of our subject! I'm talking now with Max Vontz, a top executive with the Neelsin Ratings company!

Mr. Vontz, could you briefly sum up Neelsin's influence on the TV Industry?

Glad to, Ralph! We at Neelsin have our thumb on the pulse of the television-viewing public!

In other words—

Right! We're giving America the finger!

Hah-hah! A little inside joke, Ralph! But seriously... let me show you how it's done...

This map shows our 1200 Neelsin viewers! They tell us exactly what the country is watching!

1200 people tell us what over 100 million are watching?

Absolutely! It's called "Scientific Sampling"! By taking the coefficient framis integers and then projecting the ratios and multiplying them by the omni-probability factor, we know that 40 million people watched "Donny and Marie" last week!



How do you get away with that stuff?! Nobody knows what in heck you're talking about!!

Nobody knows what in heck "Donny and Marie" are talking about, either! But that doesn't stop them!

Maybe I can bring this down to a more personal level...

Each Neelsin viewer represents about 166,666 TV viewers! Now, there are 3 Neelsin viewers in Buffalo, N.Y.

Ghenghis Rosenberg, an immigrant Cost Accountant from Mongolia, Samantha Guthrie, a Sexual Surrogate, and Amos Albright, a Wine-Taster...

So if we ever want to know what TV shows the city of Buffalo, N.Y. is watching on a given night...

You contact a Mongoloid... a Hooker... and a Wino!! You catch on fast, Ralph!



What we do is attach this little box to the TV set of each Neelsin viewer, and it records what shows they're watching! And as a special incentive, if anything goes wrong with their sets, we fix them free of charge! Last year, we replaced over 2,000 tubes in viewer's sets!

How come all those tubes blew out? Over-use of the TV sets, I suppose!

No... faulty installation of the little box!

Here's one of our Neelsin families, Ralph! The Finks, of Pawtucket, R.I.! We like to choose AVERAGE viewers, not people who are addicted to TV!

Mr. Vontz is so right, Ralph! We really are very discriminating as viewers! We never let the TV influence our lives in any way!

This is Lucy... and that's Desi!

The twins, Starsky and Hutch, are upstairs!



Just think, Ralph! By projecting what **WE** watch, the Neelsin people know exactly what **166,666** of our neighbors and friends in Rhode Island are watching! It's really awesome, isn't it?!

Last night, for instance, we watched this terrific new SitCom, "My Friends, Melvin and Selma"! We loved it! I discussed it with everyone in my office and all the people in my bowling league ...

And I discussed it with my bridge group ... and everyone at the Supermarket!

And did the others like it?

We don't know! Nobody else saw it!!

Well, I guess as soon as you finish eating, you're going into the living room, put on the TV set, and start recording for Neelsin!

Oh, the set's already **ON**, Ralph ... and it's **BEEN** recording!!

Really? Who's watching it??



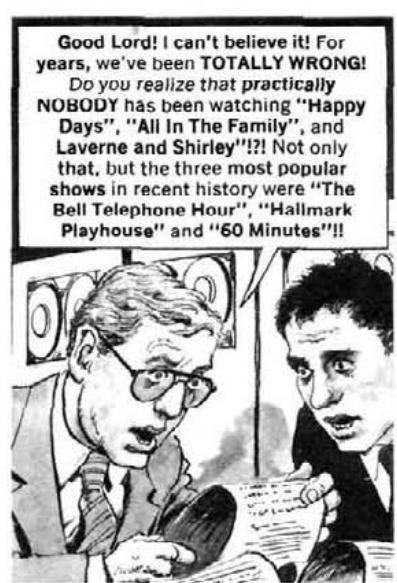
Our parakeet, "Fonzie" ... !

Mr. Vontz, does **THIS** tell you anything?

It sure does, Ralph! We now know for a fact that **166,666** birds of assorted species in Rhode Island are watching "Love Boat"!

Come now, Mr. Vontz! What do you really think about all these new facts you learned!

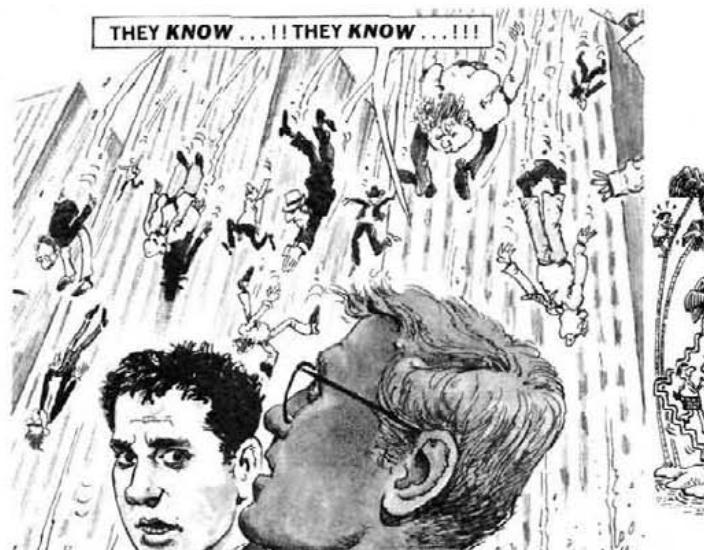
I guess Neelsin might have been a **LITTLE** bit off in its projections through the years, Ralph! Anyway, I've fed all the new information I picked up into our computers, and we should be getting feedback shortly!

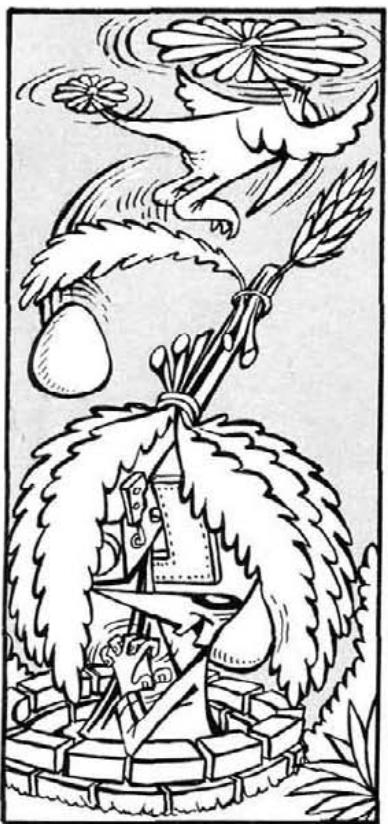
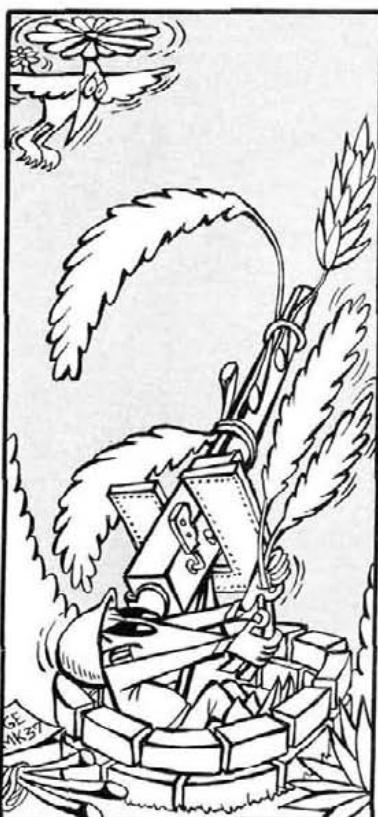


Look, Ralph — heh-heh — what do you say we just **FORGET** about all this and —

Forget?! Just think of all the billions of advertiser's dollars that went down the sewer ... sponsoring the **WRONG SHOWS**!!

I've got to get over to The Avenue of the Americas — **FAST**! I wonder if Mr. Schlockman and the other Networks know about this yet!





WHAT IS IT?

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

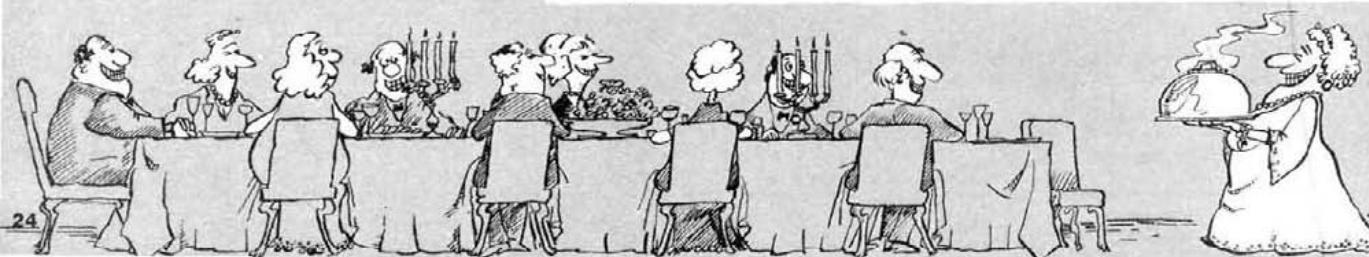
ONCE a famous person has finished cheating, whining, intimidating, screaming and lying to achieve all the material riches of life, he is often gripped by an urge to achieve Humility. You can almost predict when a famous person will first turn Humble. It usually happens right after he has founded a corporation named after himself. His initial outburst of full blown Humility may come when he interrupts a conversation about something else to say, "The Good Lord was kind to me." Or he may butt in to say, "I'm just grateful that I was put on Earth to spread happiness." Or he may simply say, "I owe a lot to the Man Upstairs." But whatever he says, he always makes sure he's saying it before an audience of twenty million people on a TV talk show.

IN ALL CASES, those blessed with Humility can be counted on to make profound comments. Who else but a Humble Actor would remind us that he could never have become a Hollywood star without the help of the guy who put film in the camera? Who else but a Humble Athlete would admit that he might not have scored four touchdowns in the Super Bowl without linemen in front of him? Who else but a Humble Tycoon would confess that he might have succeeded more slowly if his father hadn't manufactured automobiles, and his grandfather hadn't invented them? And who else but a Humble Politician would only promise to end war and erase poverty if he can count on God's assistance?

IT'S EASY to spot the celebrity in any crowd who has most recently turned Humble. He's the one who always refers to his new big budget movie as "a little film", and his thousand acre ranch as "a little country place" and his latest acquisition as "a little team in the National Hockey League." In fact, the only things he seems to view as larger than average are his alimony payments to his ex-wife, and the chest measurement of his current girl friend and, of course, his own deep Humility.

AS WITH MOST things, Humility has its luke warm supporters and its all-out fanatics. A luke warm supporter thinks he has been sufficiently Humble if he takes off his hat in the presence of the Pope, or holds an elevator door open for Queen Elizabeth, or refrains from addressing the President of the United States as "Buster". Among advocates of utter Humility, this is only a beginning. They also toil in quiet anonymity to have their agents found such worthy tax write-offs as the Danny Thomas Backgammon Classic, the Jerry Lewis Heartburn Telethon and the Sammy Davis Demolition Derby. In return, they ask for nothing more than a mass outpouring of love from a grateful nation.

POLITICIANS HAVE IT easier than other Humble Folk because they only need to slather themselves with Humility at election time. Anybody can stand to dance the polka at a sweaty factory



HUMILITY?

WRITER: TOM KOCH

workers's picnic once every four years. Anybody can put up with the limited wine list at the Dayton, Ohio, Travelodge on rare occasions. And anybody can tolerate a delegation of German-Americans with sauerkraut on their breath now and then. But it's the non-political celebrity who must withstand the day-in, day-out pressure of mingling with guys who wear neckties, and girls who drive Datsuns, and families from Kansas. It's hard for even the most devoutly Humble to face people like that without flaunting their superiority.

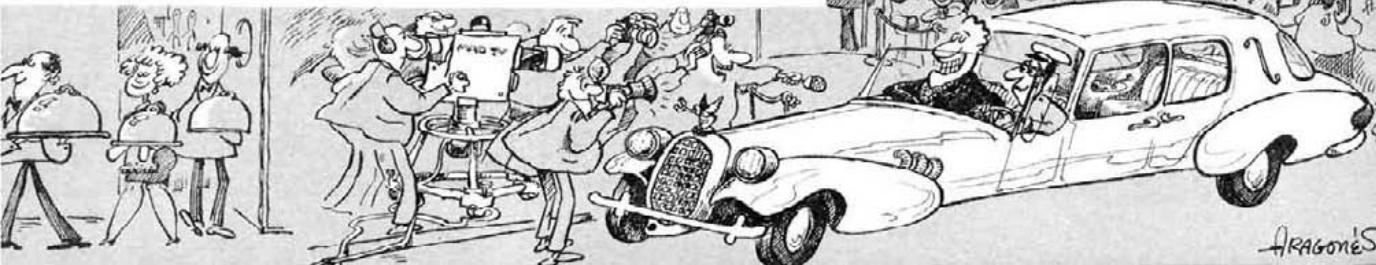
THE PRACTITIONER of Humility possesses the Thoughtful Wisdom of Idi Amin, the Unswerving Purpose of Patricia Hearst, the Tranquil Spirit of Telly Savalas, the Tireless Patience of Liz Taylor, the Studious Philosophy of Redd Foxx and the Keen Perception of Sonny Bono.

INDEED, A TRULY Humble Celebrity is much more than the two-dimensional Xeroxed copy of Pat Boone that we take him to be. He is also Firm Resolve hiding behind his public relations man, Pious Dedication tooling around in a Rolls Royce Corniche, Quiet Good Taste in a sequin dinner jacket, Warm Generosity mailing food stamps home for Mother's Day, the American Spirit floating proudly on a sea of self-indulgence, and Humanity's Best Hope for Tomorrow passing out after his sixth martini.

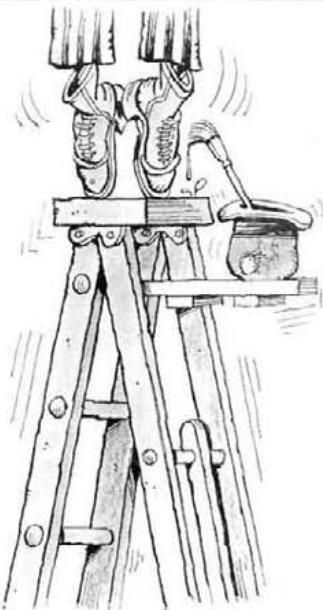
STILL, THOSE WHO have made Humility their lifetime endeavor are much like ordinary people in many ways. They have their moments of self doubt... when they wonder if they might have crusaded for a more popular charity than the Charles Manson Legal Defense Fund. They have their delusions of grandeur... when they honestly think that their maudlin mumbling about Brotherhood on the Johnny Carson Show was good enough to merit the Nobel Peace Prize. They even have their secret flaming desires... to beat Robert Blake with a rubber hose until he agrees to become as Humble as they are.

NO ONE REALLY knows what inner light guides so many beautiful, talented, lovable people onto the path of Humility. Some say they were inspired by their work-worn, saintly Mothers. Others tell long anecdotes about the Humble Wisdom passed on to them by beloved teachers, impoverished ministers, defeated revolutionaries, passionate librarians, short rabbis, stubborn sharecroppers, grubby newsboys and retired pole vaulters. In truth, most famous people who embrace Humility probably were led to it by some forgotten subordinate who finally went berserk and screamed the words of advice that every mealy-mouthed, saccharine sweet phony eventually hears:

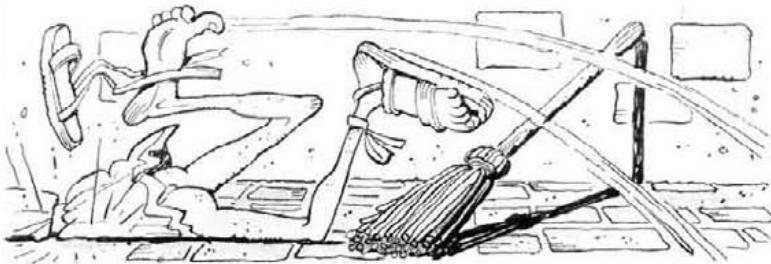
"UP YOUR IMAGE!"



CANDID CLOSE-UPS OF S



HENRI TOULOUSE-LAUTREC CHANGING
THE LIGHTBULB IN HIS PARIS STUDIO



MATHEMATICIAN PYTHAGORAS STUMBLING ACROSS HYPOTENUSE



A PILGRIM MISSING THE FAMOUS LANDING AT PLYMOUTH ROCK

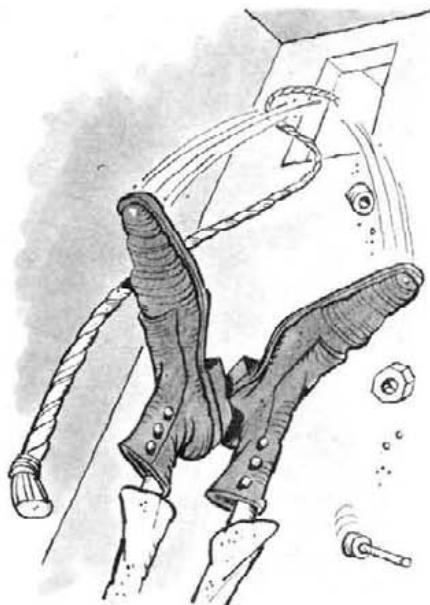


ADMIRAL BYRD BEING CAUGHT BY SUDDEN SPRING THAW WHILE ON SECOND SOUTH POLAR EXPEDITION



THE MARQUESS OF QUEENSBERRY ATTEMPTING TO INTRODUCE RULES OF GENTLEMANLY CONDUCT TO BRAWLERS

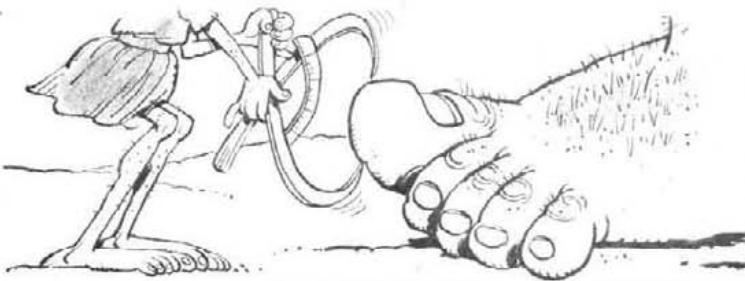
OME LEGENDARY FEETS



INVENTOR OTIS INSTALLING
THE VERY FIRST ELEVATOR



SIGMUND FREUD PRACTICING BEFORE HIS COUCH WAS DELIVERED



DAVID'S TRAINER SCOUTING GOLIATH FOR THE UPCOMING MATCH

ARTIST: BOB JONES

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



PHARAOH DEDICATING PYRAMID OF CHEOPS' CORNERSTONE



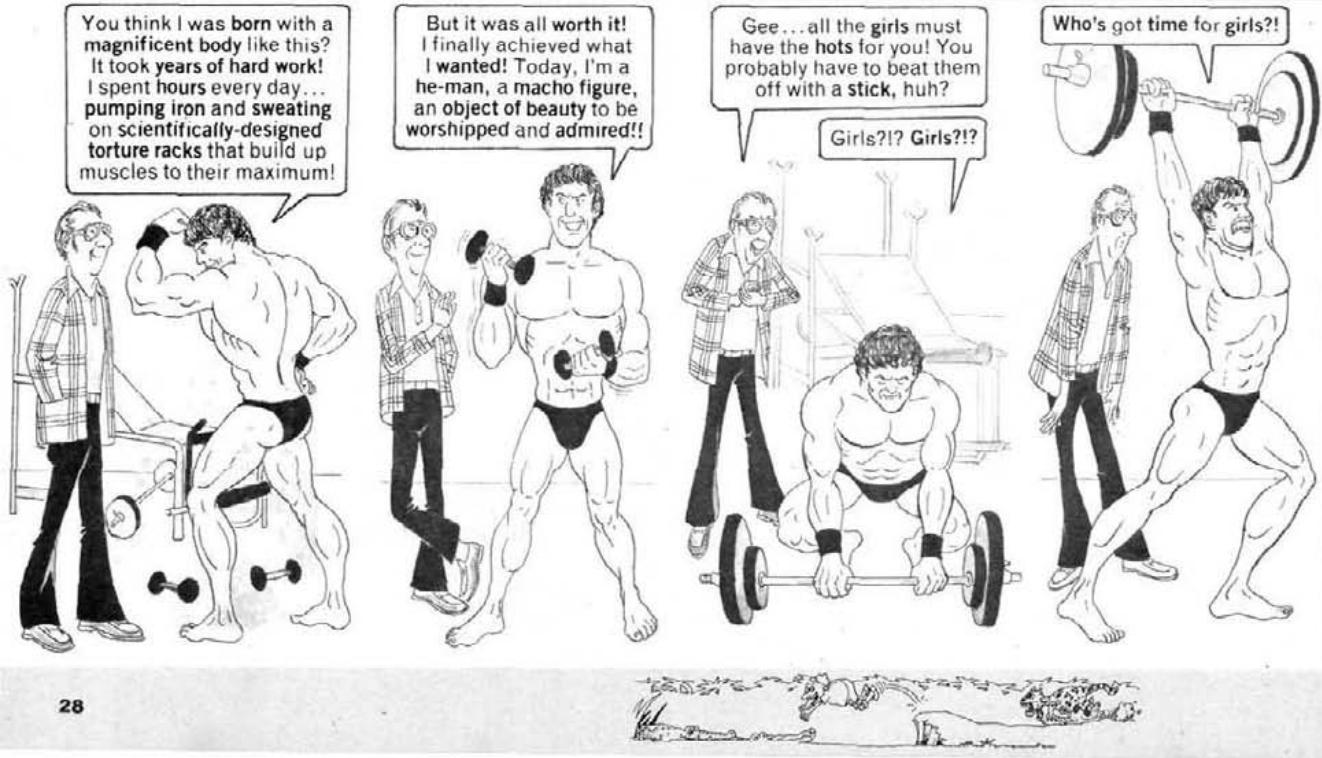
HANNIBAL DESCENDING THE ALPS

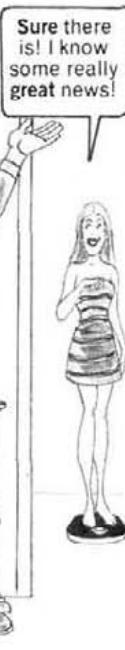


BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

The "m"





F'Generation

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



What made you change so drastically...?



I'm on a frantic quest to remake myself into a more fulfilled person! It takes all day and night, and week-ends! There's my Dance Lessons, my Health Spa, my EST Meetings and my Guru, to name a few!

But doesn't all this self-centeredness bother your Husband?!?

It sure did! That's why he left me, and we were divorced!!

Gee, that's really terrible!

No, it's not! I'm a liberated, independent woman!!

Who needs a Husband??!

ALIMONY!! That, I need!!



Under no circumstances is Sybil to be disturbed! She is meditating! She is in an altered state of consciousness! Her metabolic rate is lowered! She is totally serene and at peace! I will not allow you to disturb her tranquility with any negativity!

But **NOTHING**, young man! You can use some of her serenity yourself! Just give me the message and in twenty minutes, when she's finished, I will relay your news to her!

Okay, if that's the way you want it! At that point in time, just tell her in a calm manner that...

...her apartment's on fire!!



Every Tuesday, I go to my **GROUP THERAPY** session! It's done wonders for me!

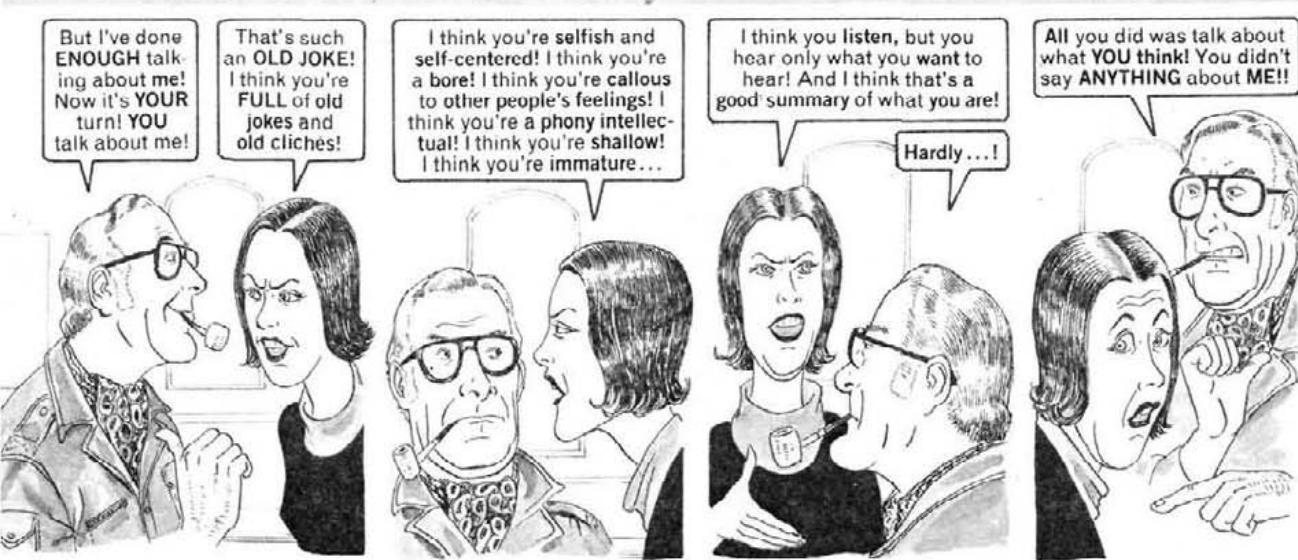
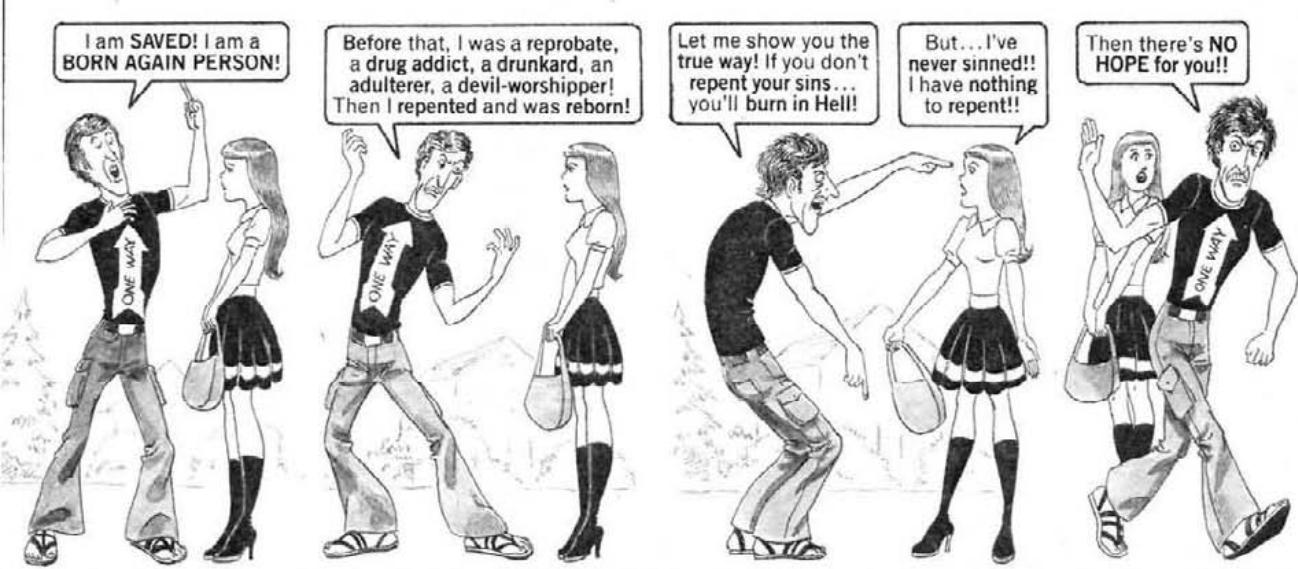
I get up in front of all those friendly faces, and I let it all hang out! I spill my guts! I—I purge myself of the things I've bottled up inside me that have been troubling me all my life! Let me tell you, getting things off your chest to a group of sympathetic people is fantastic!

After I finish unburdening myself, each member of the group in turn gets up and tells his sad tale of woe!

Doesn't it become tiresome—hearing everybody's troubles?

WHO LISTENS...???

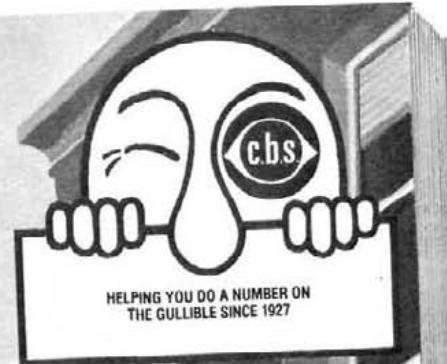




We're always panic-stricken whenever a car or an appliance breaks down and must be entrusted to a repairman. Suddenly, we experience a creeping fear that the job will take twice as long, and the Repairman will think of ways to make it cost three times as much as expected. MAD has long been fascinated with this universal phobia about Repairmen. After all, these guys come from various backgrounds and have been trained for their jobs in various ways. So how come they've gained identical reputations for stalling us, humiliating us, double-talking us and overcharging us? Now MAD finds that it's no coincidence at all! Repairmen are feared and shunned because they all equip themselves with the same devious gadgets bought from the same shady supply house! We recently came into possession of that firm's secret catalogue, and as a public service to victims of rascally repairmen everywhere, we herewith present...

CRAFTY BUNKO SCHEMES, INC.

1979-80 REPAIRMEN'S PARTS & SUPPLY CATALOGUE



FOR MECHANICS, REPAIRMEN AND THEIR IMMEDIATE ACCOMPLICES ONLY

Absolutely No Retail Sales To Motorists, Homeowners Or Other Pigeons



"ALIBI IKE" PHONE ANSWERING MACHINE lets you present a variety of treat-w-e-excuses for unfinished work without enduring the nuisance of talking to your customers in person. Just record the lamest explanations we supply in your own voice, and let the machine do the rest. A "must" for those who never complete a job on time, but who prefer not to discuss the matter.

111375—**WHINE-O-FONE ANSWERING MACHINE** \$347.50

PHONY ELECTRIC TEST—O-METER pays for itself in no time by convincing skeptical customers of the need for costly repair work. Gadget actually measures nothing but your shop's attitude above sea level. However, the handsomely calibrated dial seems to say that new parts are needed for any appliance being tested, including TV sets, washers and even iron fry pans.

63101—**"DIAL-M-FOR—MONEY" BRAND TESTER** \$48.75



"1,001 BORING ANECDOTES" This amazing book boosts profits by letting you add many extra hours of labor charges for time actually spent talking with customers. Contents are cross-indexed to insure that any comments made by customer will lead you naturally into long, dull stories about vacation spots on Lake Huron, your sick dog, floor wax removal techniques or any of the book's other 998 time wasting topics.

32287—**PRATTLE-FOR-PROFIT ANECDOTE BOOK** \$11.50



MADDENING TV "LOANERS" make customers so happy to get their own sets back that they often fail to notice how you botched the repair work. These smial-screen beauties are all professionally adjusted to provide plenty of reception areas. Available in grain, black-and-white or deluxe "green people-purple grass" color models.

29033—**PUTRID PICTURE TV SET** \$26.50
29094—**EVEN WORSE COLOR MODEL** \$79.75

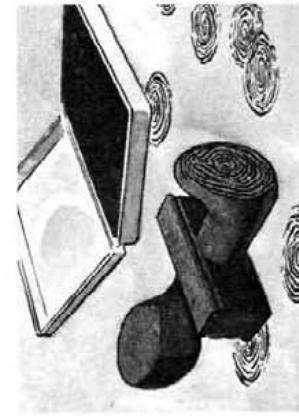


RENT A SHAPELY BLONDE CASHIER to divert customers' attention from the exorbitant bills they are receiving. Each of these orally developed ladies has been trained to operate such complex office machines as pencil sharpeners and rubber stamps, while simultaneously flashing enough charm to make \$83 seem like a small price to pay for having a loose wire tightened.

47105—**"HOLY TERROR" BRAND PHONY MEDALS** \$14.50 doz.

CLAIM CHECKS WITH MIS-MATCHED NUMBERS produce instant horror for your clientele and instant profits for you. Numbers printed on customers' subserviently fail to match the ticket on any item in your shop. System enables you to keep all items for re-sale, or gung-hor return them to owners who failed to be too grateful to notice that you failed to do repair work.

28533—**MATCHLESS CLAIM CHECKS** \$12.89 per 1,000



LEAVE BLACK THUMB PRINTS WITHOUT SOILING YOUR REAL HANDS! Lifelike imitation thumb helps you cover objects with enough dirt prints to assure even dubious customers that you spent hours working on their 205 sessions. Includes indeleble ink pad to simplify smudging of woodwork, leather, paste, bathroom tile etc. while you keep your own thumbs kissingly clean.

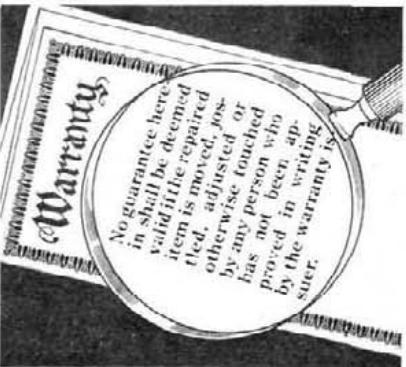
74388—**"THUMB FUN" INDELEBLE SMUDGER** \$8.98



LET LIFELIKE LEGS quickly convince new customers that your one-man repair shop actually employs a full staff of busily working mechanics. Each set authentically contains a right and left foot in your choice of shoe sizes (4AA to 13EEE) for convincing placement under jacked-up cars, dry-locked doors, damaged sofas, etc.

37616—"FANCY FOOTWORK" BRAND MECHANICS LEGS . . . \$46 pair

37617—SAME, BUT WITH GOLD SLAVE BRACELET ON ONE ANKLE . . . \$37.50 pair



MEANINGLESS WARRANTY FORMS have been riduced with loopholes to free you from all responsibility for the work you do. Confusing terms printed in microscopic type allow you to surprise customers by charging full price each time you batch up the same job.

31907—WEASLE-WORDED WARRANTIES \$11.50 per 100



NOTHING BEATS PLASTER DUST for making any room look as if you've been doing some sort of vital work in it. We have contracted with a fine old wrecking company in Michigan to buy plaster crumbs from all of the condemned hotels and abandoned Edsel plants that it demolishes. Sprinkle the heaping portion around on your next home repair job, and see how it impresses customers with your work methods.

55286—TRUSTY, DUSTY PLASTER PARTICLES \$6.25 per 100 lbs.



AUTHENTIC LOOKING TRADE PUBLICATION COVERS fit snugly over your copies of Hustler and Penthouse to make waiting customers think you're up to date on all technical data. Durable slip-on phones, include such impressive but non-existent magazines as *The Metric Equivalent Quarterly*, *Wrench*, and *Raicher and The Midwestern Cam Shifter*.

21217—COVERS FOR COMPLETELY UN-COVERED GIRLIE BOOKS \$6.50 doz.



MEANINGLESS MOTTO BUSINESS CARDS help you win confidence of new victims without actually lying. Clever phrasing impresses all with your reliability, but has been cleared by our legal department for safe use by bumbo artists, swindlers and even convicted felons still out on bail. Select the motto of your choice below, and send it with name, address and cash for prompt printing service.

22306—MOTTO: "THE SHOP YOU'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER" \$12 per 500
22307—MOTTO: "WHEN YOU WANT DONE WHAT WE DO" \$13 per 500
22308—MOTTO: "THE HOME OF INCREDIBLE SERVICE" \$14 per 500



BOGUS PROFESSIONAL CERTIFICATES can go a long way toward quieting public suspicion about your incompetence. Our impressively framed documents falsely certify that you are a master of your trade who also belongs to a respected professional association, in addition to doing whatever you do by special appointment to Her Majesty, The Queen.

11502—ASSORTED, PURPORTED EXPERT'S CERTIFICATES \$4.50 ea



SIGN ANNOUNCING HIGHLY IRREGULAR BUSINESS HOURS can be a source of endless sadistic pleasure as you force pathetic customers to return time after time in hopes of finding your shop open. Ultimately leads to many high cost house calls as appliance owners become incapacitated by herms from their repeated efforts to bring heavy items to you.

85189—"HOURS OF PLEASURE" BUSINESS SIGN \$4.98





RETURNING WORN-OUT PARTS TO CUSTOMERS does much to convince them that you installed needed replacements, even though you probably didn't. Let us help you with this ticklish problem by offering our full line of worn-out, grease-coated junk. All items have been bent and pounded by hand to make them pass for whatever auth. TV or home appliance part you claim you replaced.

20933—MUDDY, CRUDGY, GREASY, SLEEEZY JUNK PARTS 65¢/lb.

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SAD STORY SUPPLY KIT offers every prop you'll need to win sympathy from all, despite your sloppy work. Includes crutches, arm sling, artificial dead dog, photos of sick baby, etc., designed to convince even your most irate victims that you've had a terrible day and shouldn't be yelled at. Many kit users report a 50% drop in their hassles with the Better Business Bureau.

76255—PROFITABLE, PITIFUL PROP KIT \$36.00



HIGH QUALITY AM/FM RADIO LOOKS LIKE A TELEPHONE! Lets you enjoy your favorite music, news or sports programs through earpiece while transacting important business. Comes with hidden floor button that enables you to ring authentic sounding phone bell the instant you spot an irate patron entering your shop.

21055—PHONY PHONE \$58.25



COMPLEX SCHEMATIC DRAWINGS are proven winners in your battle to turn minor appliance problems into major repair jobs. These bewildering beauties are really Government surplus drawings of the electrical system at Grand Coulee Dam. But just watch your confused customers take the bait when you claim they picture the insides of a trash smasher, a crock pot or even an early model water bed.

70895—SLY SCHEMERS' SCHEMATIC DRAWINGS \$2.50ea.



"SOUNDS OF WORK" TAPE CASSETTE discourages customers from bothering busy shop personnel during lunch hours, coffee breaks, nap periods, card games, etc. Realistic recording provides two full hours of industrial clatter that sounds for all the world like frantic activity in your back room work area. Let it play from morning 'till night. You'll be pleased with the results.

55342—RECORDED RESOUNDING RACKET \$6.75

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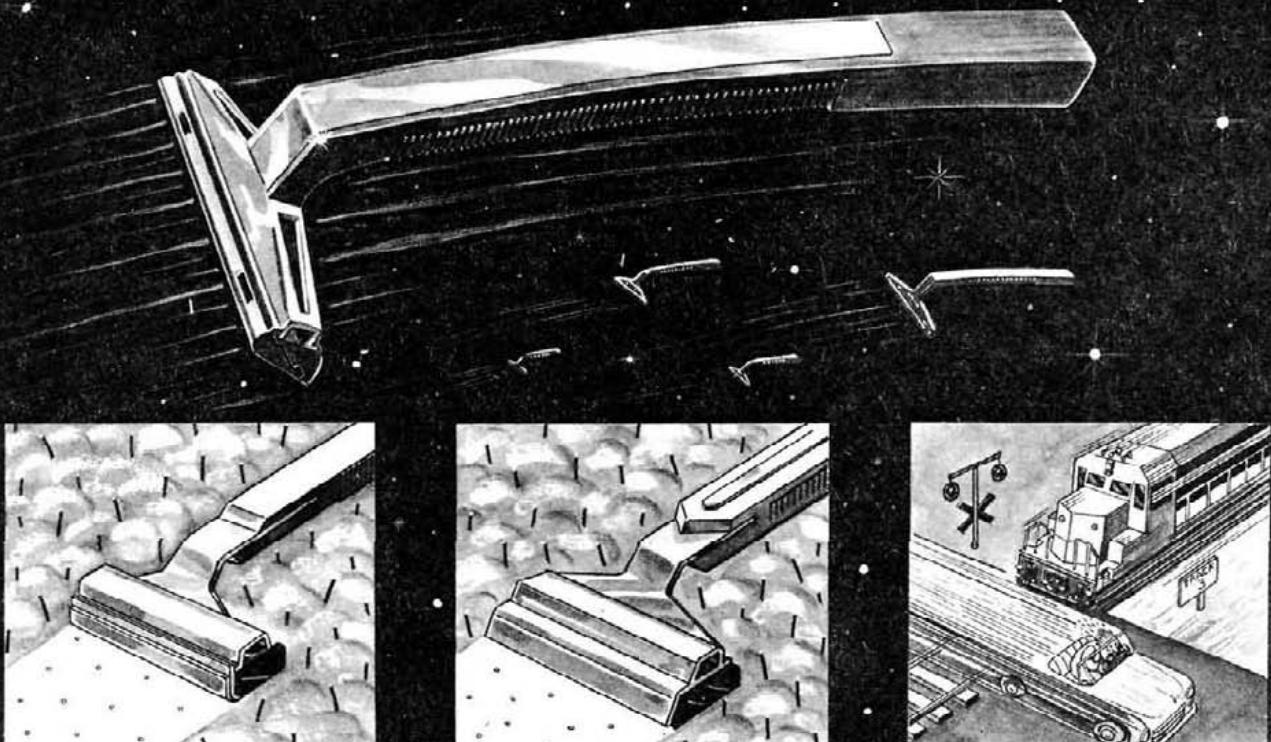
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WHEN PUSH COMES TO SHAVE DEPT.

Since the dawn of time, men have been trying to get rid of their unwanted face hair. The only purpose the fuzz seemed to serve was to house insects, obscure vision, and keep track of food eaten by gathering samples of it. When the use of tools was discovered, one of their first applications was the removal of that bothersome beaver. Though crude at first, shaving instruments evolved through the ages until a major breakthrough was made: the invention of the standard safety razor. But this little marvel was so good, it almost ruined the shaving industry. It never broke down, it never needed replacing and it was handed down from father to son. The business looked dead until some genius decided to make razors the way other successful products are made: gimmicky and lousy! First they fooled around with the blades: Blades were made with chromium, platinum, tungsten and teflon, to name a few. Then they started fooling around with the razors themselves: Injector systems, double-bladed heads, swivel heads, etc. Just when you thought they couldn't possibly come up with one more "innovation," another popped up. So now, there's a new, flashier model every few months that makes the old one seem obsolete. And, cleverly, the new blade head won't fit the old handles. So where will it all end? It won't! MAD now projects some future products we're sure to see as we're hurtled deeper and deeper out into

THE SPACE AGE RAZOR RACE

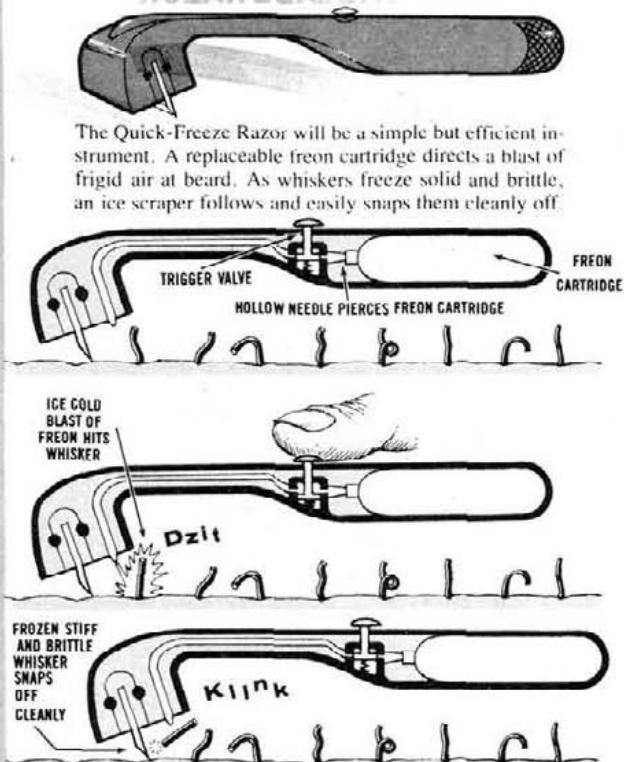


TRAC I
a very close shave

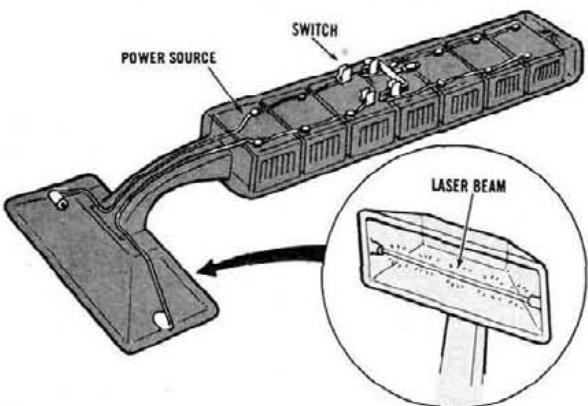
TRAC II
a truly close shave

TRAC III
a terrifyingly close shave

THE QUICK-FREEZE RAZOR



THE LASER RAZOR

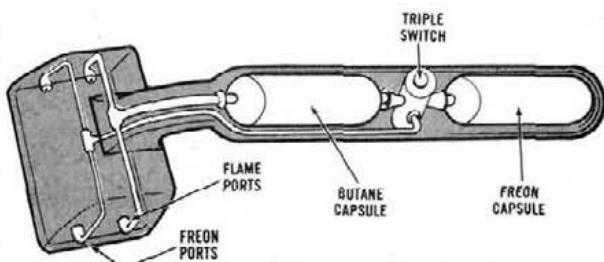


The efficiency of the laser beam is familiar to anyone who has ever seen one pierce an army tank or melt a concrete wall or open a sardine can without a key. By applying the laser beam principle to a shaving implement... even the mightiest and toughest beard will easily fall.

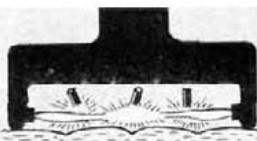


LASER BEAM RAZOR SLICES WHISKERS WITH EASE, PRECISION AND COMFORT

THE FLAME-THROWER RAZOR

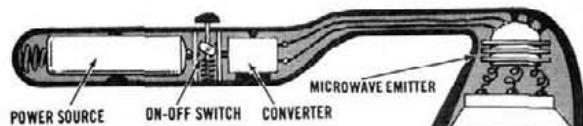


Depressing the trigger switch causes three things to happen simultaneously: (1) It releases butane gas. (2) It ignites the gas, which shoots out flames to sear off whiskers. And (3) ice cold freon gas is then released which neutralizes the pain of your scorched and burning face.



FRONT VIEW OF FLAME-THROWER RAZOR ON SEARCH-AND-DESTROY MISSION OVER A TOUGH BEARD

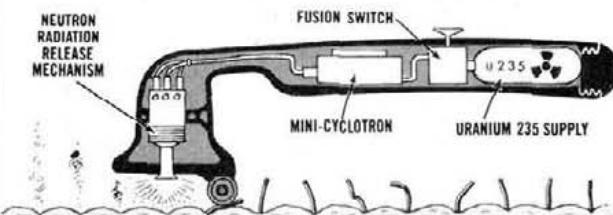
THE MICROWAVE RAZOR



When the Microwave Razor is drawn across whiskers, a high-frequency electromagnetic ray

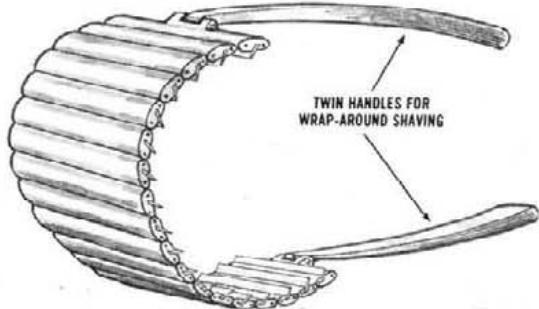
instantly withers hairs and reduces them to ash. Ash is then easily brushed from face.

THE NEUTRON RAZOR

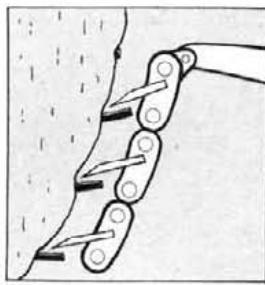


The ultimate shaver of the space age, it will be inspired by that wonderful new military weapon, the neutron bomb — whose claim to glory is that it destroys people without harming buildings. This unique razor will be capable of generating neutron radiation. As it passes over beard, it blasts each hair with minuscule radiation, and — like the great neutron bomb — kills whiskers but doesn't harm face.

THE TRAC LXXVI RAZOR

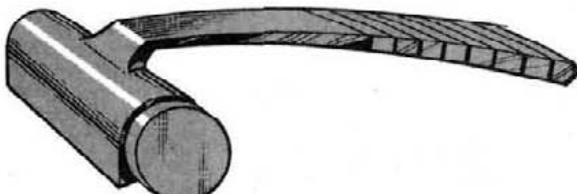


The Trac LXXVI razor will have seventy-six cutting edges on a flexible head that will wrap around an entire face and shave it close and clean in two or three effortless moves.

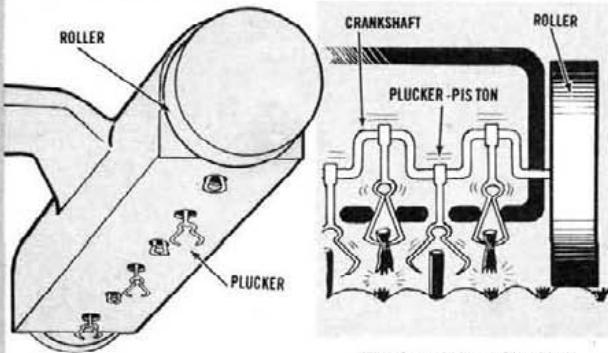


EACH TRAC LXXVI BLADE ENGAGES ITS OWN SEPARATE WHISKER HAIR

THE SIMPLE PLUCKER-I RAZOR

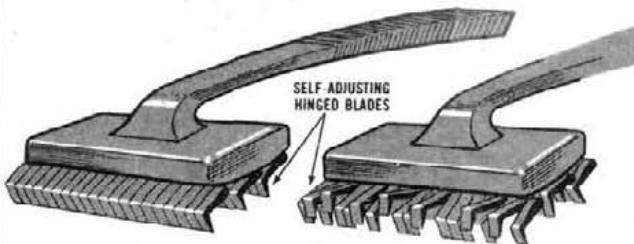


The Simple Plucker-I Razor is activated by rollers attached to a crankshaft. As rollers move across face, the crankshaft causes pluckers to go up and down, making plucking movements. When plucker encounters hair, it is firmly gripped and plucked. User may notice slight twinges of pain at first, but it all happens so fast, he will hardly notice it after a while.

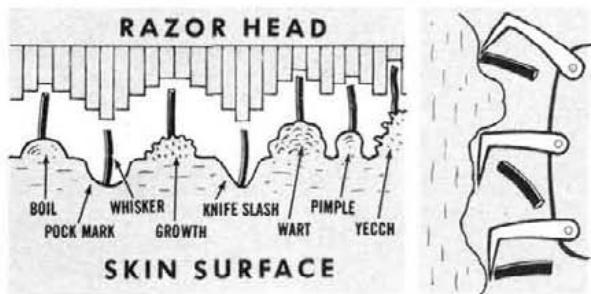


CLOSE UP DETAIL FRONT VIEW OF HAIR-PLUCKERS IN ACTION

THE MULTIBLADE RAZOR



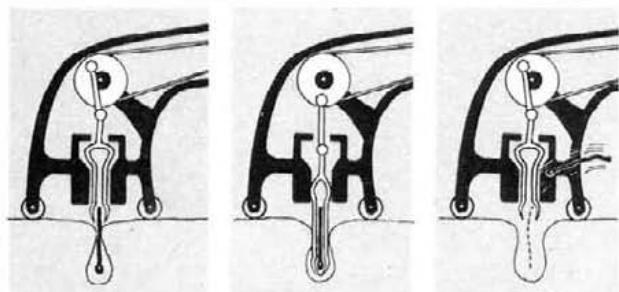
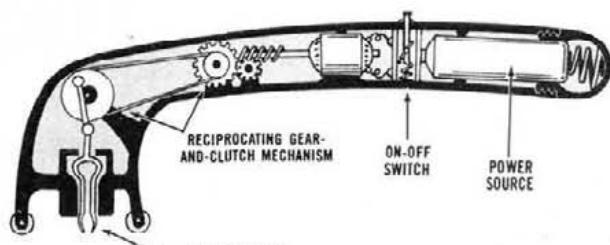
The Multiblade Razor will be created especially for people with special skin problems. Anyone who's ever shaved with an ordinary razor and lopped off pimples, boils and other parts of their uneven face will welcome it. Dozens of tiny hinged blades adjust themselves to user's scraggly, bumpy face.



SKIN SURFACE

FRONT AND SIDE VIEWS OF UNEVEN SKIN SURFACES SHOWING HOW SELF-ADJUSTING BLADES HANDLE THESE TOUGH PROBLEMS

THE PERMANENT PLUCKER-II RAZOR



As razor head is drawn over beard, plucker moves rapidly up and down until it comes to a whisker hole. When this happens, plucker goes down to whisker root and yanks it out, completely eliminating the need to ever shave again.

UPSETTING THE SCOLD STANDARD DEPT.

IF CHILDREN TREAT THE WAY THEIR PA

ARTIST: PAUL COKER

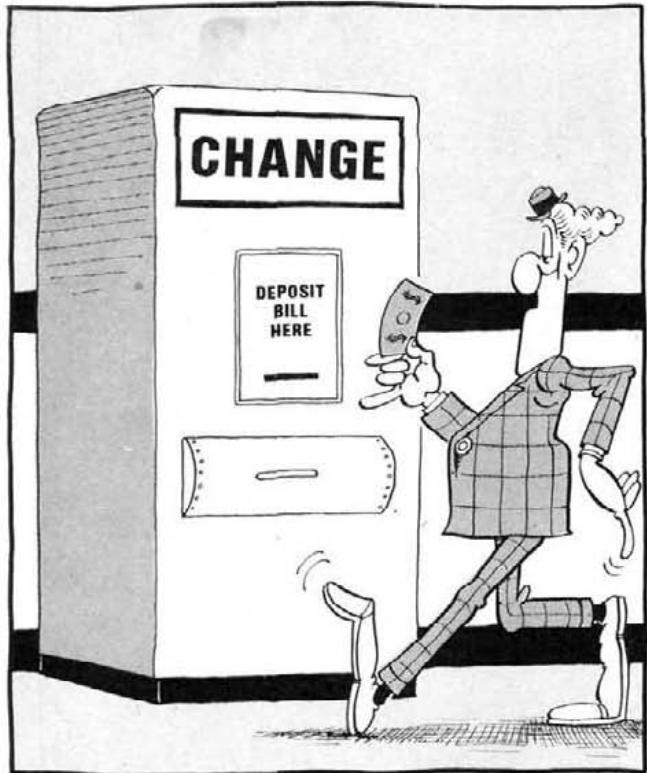


ED THEIR PARENTS RENTS TREAT THEM

WRITER: BARRY LIEBMAN



ONE NIGHT IN THE MIAMI BUS TERMINAL



WASTE OF SPACE DEPT.

And now for MAD's version of the weekly TV series about a space ship hurtling through space . . . a space ship jam-packed with hundreds of people . . . a space ship named . . .

CATTLE CAR GALAXICA

Attention! All engines ahead one Frisbee . . .

But, Sir! The Bluestar Search Team hasn't returned yet! The Command Center shows them still one Megaphone away!

We must move on! I gave them six Scopes to complete their mission, and they're four Listerines overdue already! Now do as I say!

But, Sir! Your Son is in one of those Bluestars!

Very well! Try to contact him with the High Band Microwave Scanner . . .

We tried that, Sir! Nothing!

Then see if you can bounce a Secondary Pulsar Beam into the void in order to detect his ship!

Sorry, Sir! We tried that, too! Nothing!

Then there's only one thing left for us to do . . .!

Has anybody tried looking out the window?



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

What time is it?

It's two Tacos past a Burrito! We're very late getting back!

I just want to go a TINY BIT further!

Oh? How MUCH further?

Just far enough to get lost . . . crash-land . . . and start this week's ridiculous adventure!



Y'know, some people say that when we crash-land on these various planets, we use them as springboards to steal the plots of famous movies!

Ridiculous! Now, which one of these planets do you want to crash-land on this week: The Planet Of The Apes? The Bounty? The Dirty Dozen? The Towering Inferno? The Poseidon?



Two Colonial Vipers are over-flying us, oh, wise Baldstar! What should we do...?!

Turn on the Atomic CuisinArt! It'll make mince meat out of their Pulsar Signals! They'll be forced to land!

And if that doesn't work?

Light up the sign that says, "FREE FUEL / EATS / BINGO AMAZON GO-GO DANCERS"

That gets 'em every time!

What goes with you, Appalling? You crash-landed again!

What do you mean, "again"?

You crash-landed last week! Remember?

Oh, no, Starbuff! YOU crash-landed last week! We take turns, remember? We alternate on "THE CRASH OF THE WEEK"!



Commander, I want permission to take a Viper Fighter and go out and look for Starbuff and Appalling!

A Viper Fighter is a very complex machine, Athinner!

What experience have you had?

I've spent many a night in the Simulator!

And...??

And ENOUGH with the SIMULATOR, already!! I want to go out and find me a REAL LIVE MAN!!

Command Central to Viper Fighter! You know the procedure, right? You take off... come back... land... take off... come back... land... take off...

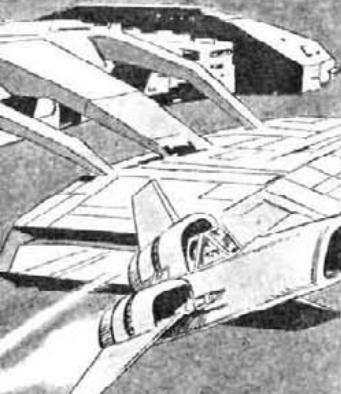
I know! But WHY so many times?

Viper Fighters taking off is the most expensive piece of special effects film we've got... so we have to show it as often as we can to make it pay!

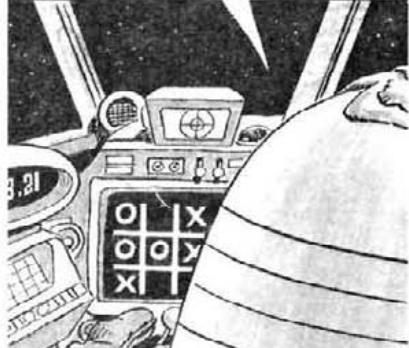


That girl's got a lot of guts!

She's also got a great set of thrusters!



Let's see... there's the Pulsar Screen... and it's got some "X's" on it? I— I think I'm supposed to put some "O's" on it, and see if I can get three of my "O's" in a row before they can get three of their "X's" in a row! Boy... war is more fun than I ever thought!!

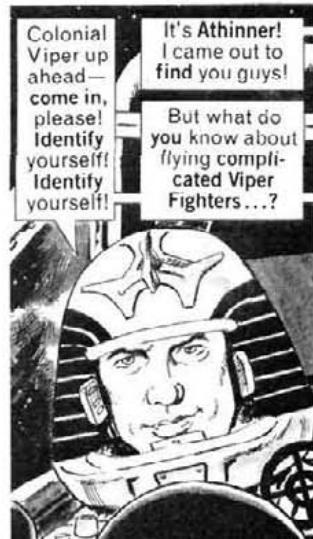
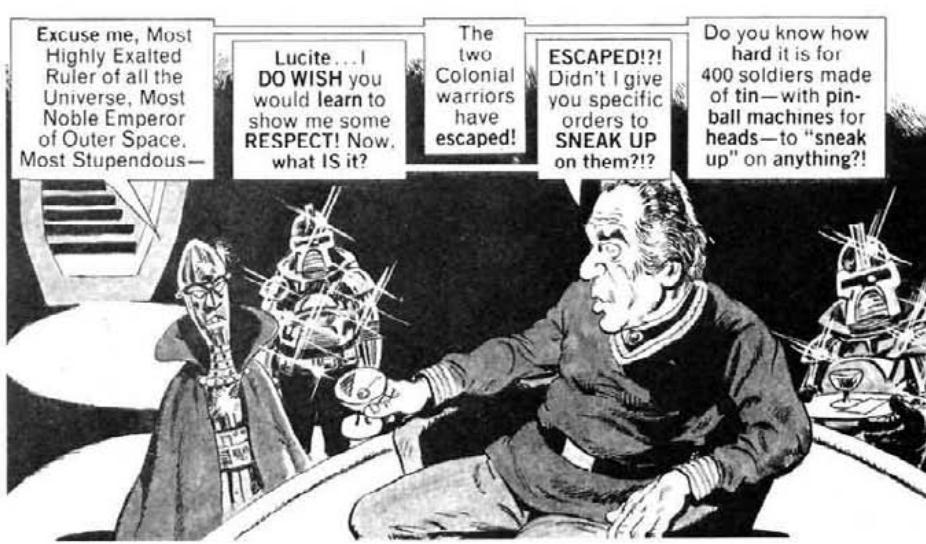
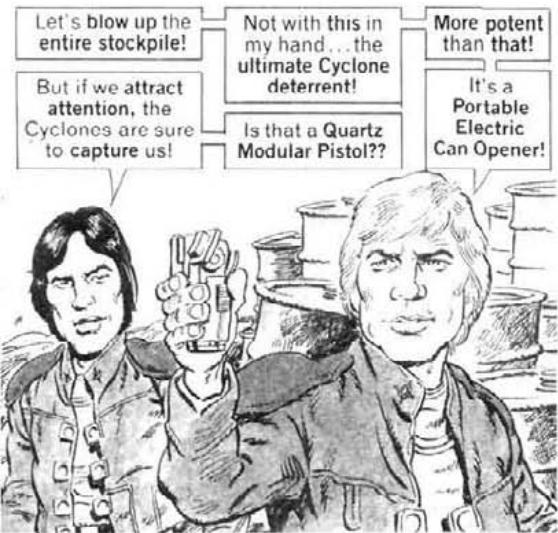


I can't believe what we've stumbled across! The stuff in these drums is the very lifeblood of the Cyclones!

What is it? Liquid Protein?

No, Chrome Polish! Without this stuff, the Cyclones would rust to death in less than fifteen Crêpe Suzettes!





That's right!
I don't like
to brag, but
I graduated
at the top
of my class!

I'll bet the others
were really jealous!

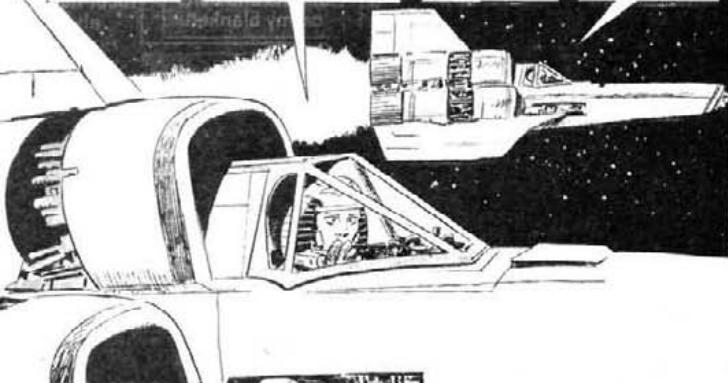
WHAT others?!?

Oh-oh! Starbuff...!

What is it,
Athinner...?

I'm getting
NAUSEOUS!
What'll I do?

Push the
"Automatic
Air Sickness"
button! It'll
automatically
barf for you!



Oh-oh! Son-of-a-bilge! My Warning Farknell just
went crazy! Let's see what the read-out says...



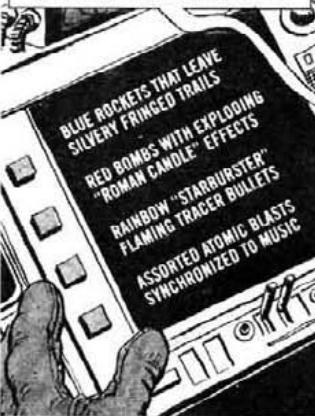
Here come the Cyclones!!
Let's defend ourselves!!

Starbuff! Something very
STRANGE just happened! I
fired ONE Zucchini missile,
and FOUR Cyclone Raider
Ships exploded into bits!

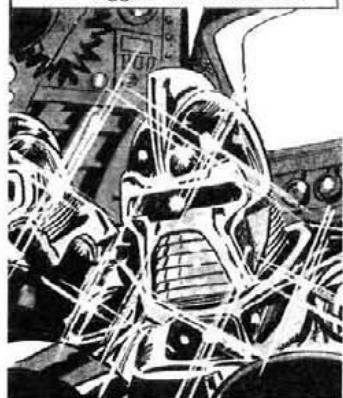
That's because our mis-
siles are armed with
deadly "Hollywood Movie
Logic"! It's a highly
advanced form of the
same "Logic" that lets
ONE Cowboy bullet
kill TWENTY Indians!



This is the part of the show
that the viewers really turn
on to... the fantastic space
battles! Let me pick out some
stunning effects for them...



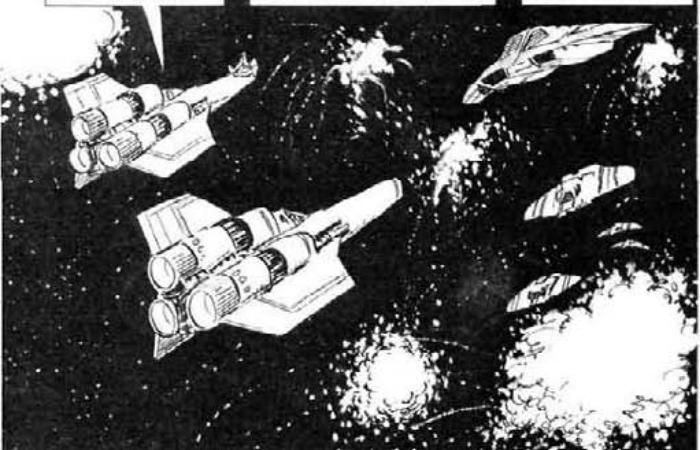
We-are-doing-badly... Colonial-warriors-are-beating-us-in-all-
areas... Aptness-of-thought... Color... Explosive-Displays...
Originality... Tracer-patterns
... I-suggest-we-retreat... !!



The Cyclones are
turning back!

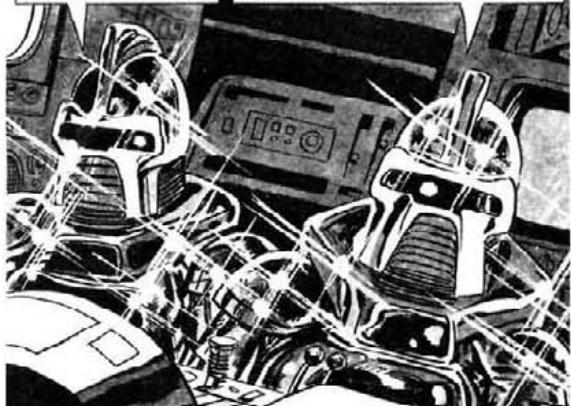
No one is better at the
"art" of war than we are!

Just look at this
gorgeous sky.... !!

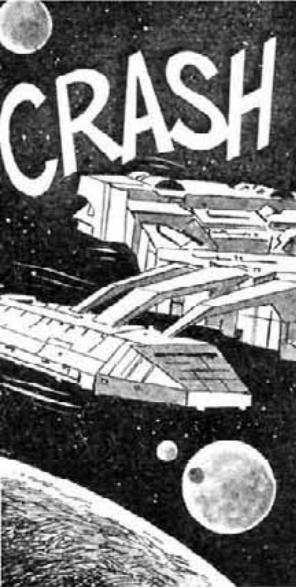


Why-is-it-that-we-
hardly-ever-score-
a-direct-hit-on-a-
Colonial-Viper?!!

How-can-we-do-any-better-with-
only-one-red-eye-that-keeps-on-
bouncing-back-and-forth-across-
our-face-like-a-ping-pong-ball?







WHAT
INSPIRING
LESSON DOES
PROFESSIONAL
SPORTS
TEACH OUR
CHILDREN?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS
MAD FOLD-IN

Hardly anyone today can escape the excitement and impact of the spectacular of professional sports. But our young people are particularly impressed and inspired by the wild goings-on in this great American industry. To find out exactly what the youth of our nation is learning from it, fold in page as shown on right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

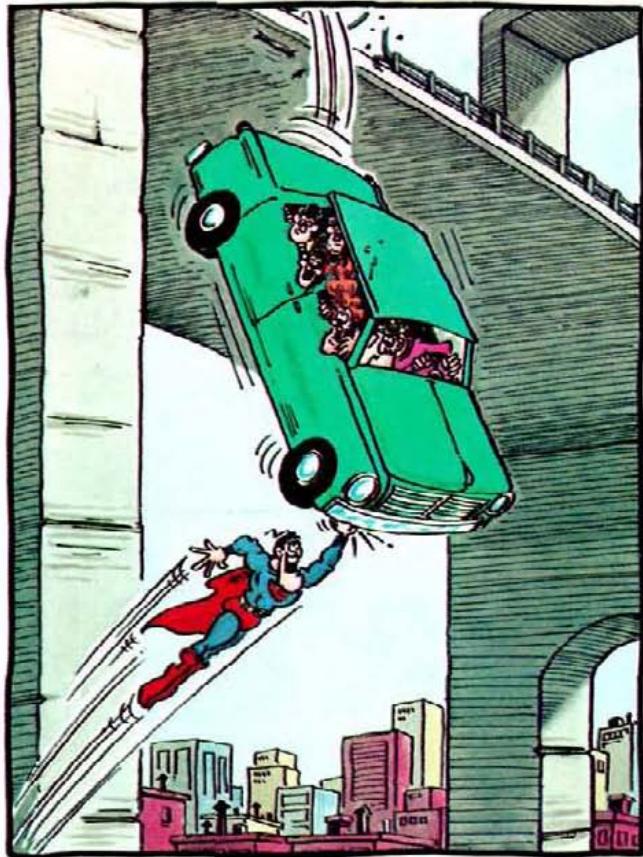
◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



OUR MAGNIFICENT SPORTING EVENTS
GREATLY IMPRESS AND INSPIRE THE DEVOTED
YOUNG FANS OF ALL FORMS OF SPORTS

A ▶

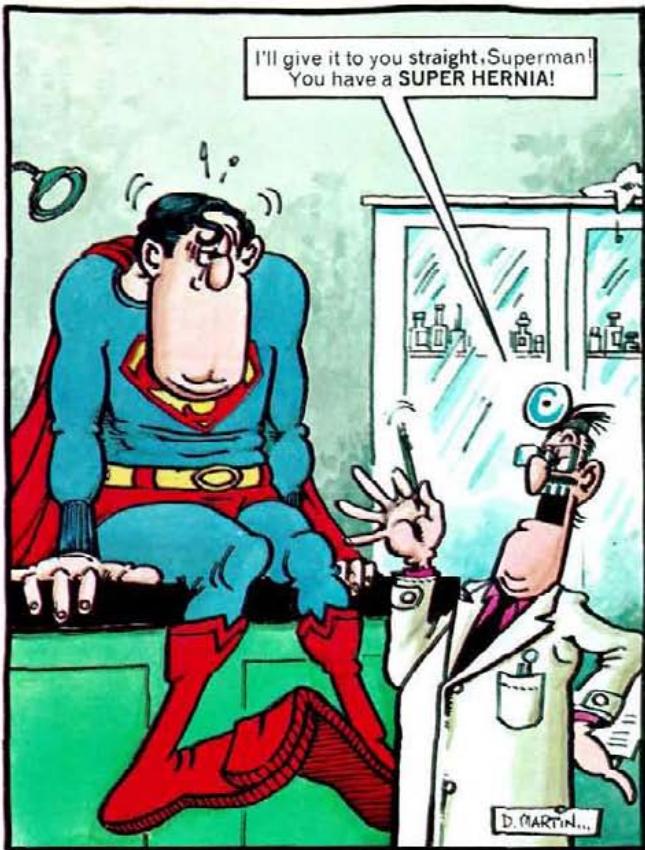
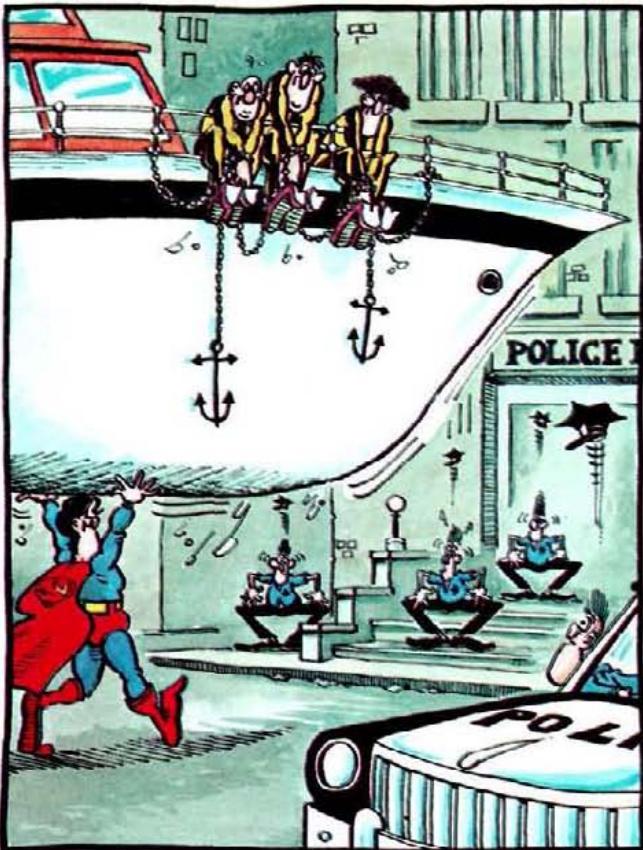
◀ B



ARTIST: DON MARTIN



WRITER: DON EDWING



D. MARTIN...